

Catholic Digest

REG. U.S.
PAT. OFF.



Vol. 3

JULY, 1939

No. 9

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CATHOLIC READERS' DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

Now do I pray all those who hear this little treatise, or read it, that, if there be within it anything that pleases them, they thank our Lord Jesus Christ, from Whom proceeds all understanding and all goodness. And if there be anything that displeases them, I pray them, also, that they impute it to the fault of my ignorance and not to my intention, which would fain have better said if I had had the knowledge.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER (d. 1400).

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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Death Comes for the Archbishop

Quaint custom of the English

By ANTHONY DEMPSEY

Condensed from *Bonaventura**

He was but 52 years of age when he stood his trial at Westminster in 1681. And yet, it is said that he looked an old man, old and weary. His eyes, for years past, had been troubling him and exposure on the Irish hillsides and the privations of an English prison had aged him prematurely. Now, charged with treason, the Primate watched the court, with all its pomp and solemnity, proceed with the trial to which there could be but one ending. He had made his plea for time; it had been refused. He had pointed out how it was not legal for him to be tried in an English court nor just to be tried by an English jury; he had been hardly listened to. He had objected to members of the jury who, some time since, had condemned five Jesuits to death; and he had been ignored. Prejudiced Chief Justice and judges had hurried matters forward and the traitorous witnesses

had smiled as the clerk of the Crown, in sonorous tones, had read out the charge. He had hardly listened, catching only a few words here and there.

"... he stands indicted by the name of Oliver Plunket ... for that he as a false traitor against the most Illustrious and most Excellent Prince and Sovereign Lord Charles the Second ... contriving with all his might to alter to the superstition of the Romish Church, he maliciously, devilishly and traitorously did assemble and gather together himself with divers other traitors unknown ... did receive, collect, pay and expend divers great sums of money. ..."

And then Heath, one of the crown counsels, had repeated the substance of the charge to the jury and Mr. Sergeant Maynard had spoken of the vast sums of money and the huge army that he was said to have raised. The Attorney

*Church St., Dublin, N.W. 8, Ireland. Spring, 1939.

General, who had spoken next, was more precise in his exaggerations. He numbered the men at 60,000. Then he had called the first witness and the "plot" began to unfold. The apostate friar, McMoyer, told how there had been a plan to land 40,000 of the French at Carlingford, to raise the country in rebellion and to set up the Catholic religion and the French rule. For this reason he had seen Dr. Plunket going about the country collecting money and visiting ports.

Primate: "Did you ever see me at Carlingford?"

Witness: "No."

It was no wonder, thought the Archbishop. Only once, years ago, had he been there and then only on business about the Dominicans and the Franciscans. And it was almost 40 years—36, to be exact—since he had been to the southern ports. What a long time ago it was since he had gone to Kenmare Bay to meet the Papal Nuncio. Shortly after that he had left for Rome. What a journey it had been! He was over 50 now—he had been 16 then and save for a few early years he had lived in the quiet and cultured company of his uncle, Dr. Patrick Plunket, the Abbot of St. Mary's, Dublin. Then he had set off to finish his studies in Rome.

A voice broke in upon his musings. O'Neal, the next witness, had almost finished his evidence. He, too, had known all about the "plot."

The Attorney General: "Will you

ask the witness any question?"

Primate: "Why did he not discover it before?"

If these people had known all about this imaginary plot of theirs, of the rising that he was to lead, why had they not informed the Government? But what good were questions? Another witness was called quickly—Owen Murphy. From the judge's point of view he was the most unsatisfactory for he admitted that he had never seen the accused in all his life. But the next, Hugh Duffy, a friar who had been expelled from his Order and reprimanded by the Archbishop, was ready with his story. Yes, Dr. Plunket had raised money from all the clergy in Ireland and he himself had been present at meetings, had even been in the Archbishop's own house.

Primate: "You say you were actually at one time in Ballybarrack at my house?"

Duffy: "Yes."

Primate: "If you were, you were invisible; but I ask you, why did you not tell this to some justice of the peace?"

The same question. The same evasive answer, and on went that pitiless travesty of justice where lies were encouraged and truth glossed over lest he might be let slip through their hands. But the Archbishop's thoughts were far away in the Rome where he had spent so many and so happy years.

The first of the 24 years that he had spent in the Holy City he had passed

in the study of rhetoric under Dandoni. Then, when there was room for him, he had been admitted to the Ludovician College which Father Luke Wadding had founded in 1628 for the Irish secular clergy. How quickly had those years of college life passed by with their round of study, prayer, recreation and the happy two-weeks' holiday which he had spent each year in Castelgondolfo! All that had marred the joy of his ordination was the unlikelihood of his returning home. In 1652 the priests in Ireland had been given 20 days notice to quit the country, or else, if captured, to face death. And the Catholic laity had been driven to the bogs of the West, homeless and poverty-stricken. And so, not being able to return, he had gone to the Oratorians at San Giralamo. Not for 12 years was he to return from his exile, not until after a dozen years of professorship was he to leave Italy. And the land to which he returned had been far from peaceful. Hardship and the evils resulting from wars and persecution had taken their toll of the people, and corruption had even found its way into the hearts of weak religious such as the witness, an ex-religious, who was now giving evidence against him. Three years ago his superiors had suspended him and he had thrown in his lot with outlaws. He had been brought before the Annual Sessions of Armagh in 1678 and yet now he was in an English witness box swearing

away the life of the saintly Primate.

Primate: "My Lord, to show what was part of the falling out, I would ask him if he was indicted for any crime and found guilty by a jury."

Witness: "That was for discovering, for I discovered it before."

Primate: "My Lord, he confesses he was convicted for giving powder and shot to the rebels."

Oh, how wisely did the Chief Justice warn him not to misspend his time in asking such questions. In vain, and knowing that it was in vain, he asked for more time to bring his own witnesses. Had they not given him 35 days? But now his witnesses were in Coventry. They would be there by . . . But Sir Francis Pemberton hurried on. Let him, without his witnesses, answer to the charges. Let him explain to the jury the 60,000 men, the foreign armies, the vast sums of money, the plot for the rebellion.

Primate: "My Lord, as to the first part I answer that I never received a farthing of money out of my own district, and but for my own livelihood, and that I can prove by those that have received it for me, that I never received over three score pound a year in my life, unless some gentleman would now and then give me ten shillings for my relief . . . and I never had above one servant, and the house I lived in was a little thatched house wherein was only a little room for a library which was not seven foot high. . ."

The little thatched house! It would have done well for his Palace were it not that he was out of it most of the time, out on visitations, out hiding on the hillside. How well could he say that none of the dignities due to a Primate had hampered him! Even his consecration had not been held in Rome but, for secrecy, in Ghent, amongst friends and behind locked doors. And quietly he had come back to Ireland in 1670, come back disguised as a soldier and had gone by the name of Captain Browne so as to escape the notice of those who were already on his track. Luckily, however, a new Viceroy, Lord Berkley, had been appointed and, as he said, there had been a "favoring wind" for a time. Perhaps it was because Berkley was more humane, or perhaps because of his Catholic wife, but, at all events, the Archbishop had opened two schools at Drogheda and placed 150 boys there under the Jesuits. He had held synods, corrected abuses, seen to the preparation of young men for the priesthood, held ordinations and in the space of four years he had been able to confirm 50,000 people. He had even had some measure of success in converting the Tories, those descendants of such families as the O'Neills, the O'Donnells, the Maguires, the O'Farrells, and all those others who had become outlaws when their lands were taken and their houses plundered. All had gone well, and even Essex, the successor of Berk-

ley, had not been over harsh. But then came Viceroy Ormond and in 1678, during his second visitation, word had come that Peter Talbot, Archbishop of Dublin, was a prisoner in Dublin Castle. He had taken to the hills with a price on his head. He had gone to Dublin to visit his dying uncle, Dr. Plunket, and there he had been taken by the militia and imprisoned in the castle next to the cell of Dr. Talbot.

For six months they had kept him in Dublin, the charge against him being that he, as a Catholic Prelate, had remained in the country contrary to the royal interdict. He had not been badly treated and, when he had been tried before an all-Protestant jury in Dundalk, neither judge nor jury had given credit to a single word of his enemies. But those who sought his life were not to be balked. The trial had been a fiasco in Dundalk. Very well, bring him to London, shift the scene, arrange the actors, leave it to them to applaud the final curtain. There were men freed from prison on condition that they would bear evidence against him, the story of the "plot" was put together and from November of 1680 until six months later they had kept him in close confinement in Newgate prison.

On May 3 he had been brought before the court. But he had neither witnesses nor the papers necessary for proving his innocence and he had asked for time and they had given him 35 days. But unfavorable winds had de-

layed his servant; his own poverty and the poverty of his friends had impeded witnesses traveling, and worst of all, the Privy Council of Dublin feared to supply documents, such as the record of the Dundalk trial, lest they might offend the Government, their masters, by so doing. The 35 days were up and now, with his witnesses as near as Coventry, he had been refused any more time. Sir Francis Pemberton, with two other judges and seven attorneys for the Crown, with a hostile jury and prejudiced witnesses, faced him. Towards the end of the trial one witness, Gormar, came forward for him. Otherwise he was alone, with none to defend him, unable to give proof of his innocence.

The Lord Chief Justice was directing the jury:

"Look you, gentlemen of the jury, this gentleman here, Mr. Plunket, is indicted of high treason. . . You have heard the evidence against him that hath been fully examined. And these things do seem to be very plain by the witnesses, that he himself hath taken a commission, or a grant, or what you will please to call it, from the Pope to be Primate of Ireland . . . to settle the Popish religion . . . hath invited the aid of the French Army, hath set a tax upon the clergy. If you believe the evidence that hath been given you, you will find him guilty. I leave it to you—it is pretty strong evidence. He does not say anything to it, but that his

witnesses are not come over."

Primate: "I can say nothing to it, but give my protestation that not one word of this said against me is true but all plain romance. . ."

Within 15 minutes the jury returned.

Clerk of the Crown: "Hold up thy hand. How say you, is he guilty of the high treason whereof he stands indicted, or not guilty?"

Foreman: "Guilty."

Primate: "*Deo Gratias*. Thanks be to God."

A week later he was brought to the bar to hear the sentence passed against him.

Clerk of the Crown: "Hold up thy hand. Thou hast been indicted of high treason, thou hast been thereupon arraigned, thou hast pleaded Not Guilty, and for thy trial hast put thyself upon God and the country, which country hath found thee guilty. What hast thou to say for thyself, why judgment of death should not pass upon thee and execution awarded according to the law?"

And once more, in the name of justice, he made his defense: that his trial was a trial for Ireland where Irishmen, be they Catholics or Protestants, would know the witnesses for what they were, would know that of all the ports Carlingford was the least suited to land an army, would know that all the Catholics in the country, men, women and children, would hardly

amount to 70,000, would know that the clergy were poverty-stricken and could contribute no great sum of money to any rebellion, would know. . .

But here the Lord Chief Justice did away with pretence:

"Look you, Mr. Plunket," he said, "you have been indicted of the greatest and most heinous of all crimes, and that is high treason: and therefore you must go from hence, to the place from whence you came, that is, Newgate, and from there you shall be drawn through the city of London and to Tyburn: there you shall be hanged by the neck, but cut down before you are dead; your bowels shall be taken out and burnt before your face; your head shall be cut off, and your body divided in four quarters, to be disposed of as His Majesty pleases. And I pray God to have mercy upon your soul."

On Friday, July 1, he was taken from his cell, bound to a wooden hurdle and drawn to Tyburn. There were crowds in the streets, crowds at Tyburn. Long, long ago a priest had said to him, "My Lord, you are now going to Ireland to shed your blood for the Faith." He had replied, "Aid me by your prayers that I may be worthy of the honor." And now that time had come. Before he died he spoke to the people from the scaffold, declared his innocence, his adherence to the Faith, his hope in God and the blessed Virgin, his forgiveness of his enemies. Then the cart was drawn away and there took place the butchery of Oliver Plunket, Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of Ireland, and the last of the martyrs to die for the Faith in the dark times of the Reformation in the British Isles.

Two owls and a wren, or something to that effect, made their homes in the whiskers of one of Edward Lear's famous Old Men. With the disappearance of these appendages the opportunity for beard tenantry has decreased. You can retain nothing on your chin now but a smile. Sculptors, however, can effect what nature denies. When Michelangelo created his tremendous statue of Moses, horned on the brow, and bearded to the breast, he allowed himself no tonsorial restraint. The vast locks flow in twists, strands, ropes, and bundles of luxurious hirsuteness. The genius of the Sistine Chapel had the mighty Pope Julius II in mind when he created his Moses, according to the *Illustrazione Vaticana* for December, 1933. It was the spirit, not the physiognomy, of Pope Julius that he wished to portray: the grandeur of Italy, defying the corruptions of the time. But some token should be left to indicate his purpose to future generations. So he put Pope Julius' portrait *into the beard*; and his own profile beside him. The Pope's head, arms, and flowing robes are depicted and clearly visible in the proper light. The bottom of the Papal robes forms the sculptor's collar and shoulders. Neither is apparent in the ordinary photographs of the statue.

America (16 Dec. '33).

Prelude to Hell

By RICHARD A. WELFLE, S.J.

Condensed from *Jesuit Missions**

"Benares—the Vatican of the Hindus." Thus reads the title of a recent article on the "sacred city." And it goes on to say that "220,000,000 Hindus cannot be wrong. Two hundred and twenty million Hindus who inhabit the vast plains of Hindustan believe in the unique sanctity of Benares. It is as immutable as Siva, Lord of the Universe, who has his eternal abode there."

Now, the effect produced on me by this article was to revive an old hankering to see this "sacred city" on the Ganges, a half-hearted desire that had been with me ever since I landed in India nine years ago. The opportunity finally came.

As the train rattled across the bridge that spans the Ganges below the town, I got my first view of that exotic waterfront with its forest of temple spires and turrets and cupolas and gilded pinnacles, bathed in the golden light of the setting sun, and the two graceful minarets of the Mosque of Aurangazeb soaring 150 feet aloft to dominate the scene. It was all quite enchanting, and I was eager to take in the view at closer range before night came on.

I learned from one of the coolies at the station that there was a Catholic church only ten minutes' walk from

the tracks. So before doing the town, I decided to go over and try to get lodging for the night. Thus it came about that ten minutes later I was being greeted on the verandah of a small bungalow by a spritely little Italian priest who wore a Capuchin habit, an infectious smile, and a bushy black beard. He gave his name as Father Francis, and his welcome was so enthusiastic, that almost before I realized it, I was seated at a table taking tea.

"Father," I said, "I simply want to see Benares. Is there anything worth while that I can take in before it gets too dark?"

"But when do you have to leave?"

"On the Punjab Mail tomorrow afternoon."

Father Francis seemed to be mystified.

"Well, then, what's the rush?" he said. "There will be plenty of time for sight-seeing in the morning. The last Father who was here got fed up with those filthy temples after only an hour."

Anyway, next morning I had the pleasure of saying Mass for a small community of German nuns; then after breakfast, Father Francis and I set out to see the town in a dilapidated Chevrolet which he had engaged for the

trip for that long-remembered morning.

We made first for the *ghats*, and before the car had even come to a halt, we were surrounded by a swarm of coolie boatmen, bartering vociferously in Hindi to take us out on the river. I recalled that the article I had read mentioned that "the river front of Benares presents one of the most picturesque spectacles in all the world." And it added that the *ghats* could best be viewed from the river. I communicated this to Father Francis. So, after considerable wrangling we struck a bargain and engaged a boat.

We wormed our way down a tortuous, dirty lane, lined with fakirs and *sadhus* (holy men) all but naked and smeared with ashes, and mendicants decrepit and maimed, who extended their begging bowls and whined for *baksheesh* as we passed. Thousands of these unfortunate wretches are lured to Benares by the naive belief that to die in the "sacred city" means sure salvation.

We climbed into the small rickety craft to which our boatman directed us, seated ourselves precariously in two broken wicker chairs on the roof of the little cabin and started upstream, propelled by three husky coolies with long bamboo poles. As we glided in and out among the bathers, I gazed in wide-eyed amazement at the shifting scene before me. And I could not help wondering how the author of that article was able to write that the *ghats*

of Benares "present one of the most bewitching panoramas in all the world."

Well, it was unique all right. I must confess that I have never seen anything like it during my nine years in India. I looked in vain for the slightest trace of beauty. And as for being impressed, well, what impressed me was the filth and utter confusion. The temples and shrines and palaces, some of them with gnarled pipul trees growing out from the ancient brickwork, were tumbled together crazily at every conceivable angle, and without the least semblance of symmetry. Simply a vast chaotic mass of masonry!

And when I saw the condition of the water those people were bathing in, I could only draw the conclusion that the most fundamental laws of hygiene and sanitation simply do not apply in Benares. As the boat passed the burning *ghats*, one corpse was already crackling in the flames, and another, bound in a white winding sheet and half submerged at the water's edge, was being purified, while an attendant was sweeping the remains of an earlier burning into the stream. And—believe it or leave it—only a few yards away pious pilgrims were bathing devoutly amid the debris.

It took a strong constitution to stomach this. But, fortunately, just at this moment we happened to be passing Lalita Ghat, and Father Francis drew my attention to an imposing red

temple up on the bank that towered above its neighbors.

"That's the Nepalese Temple," he said in a tone of disgust. "We'll visit some of the temples later on, but we'll pass that one by."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because its walls are decorated with carvings so obscene that no decent man would be seen looking at them."

"Oh," said I. And then, bringing my eyes back to the river, I noticed a dark, bulky mass protruding above the surface of the water that was destined to put an abrupt end to our boat ride.

"Father, what's that thing up ahead there?"

But Father Francis could not make it out either. It was close to where three Hindu mystics in loin cloths were seated on a little bamboo platform, chanting hymns of praise to "Mother Ganges" beneath an expansive palm leaf umbrella. I felt sure that whatever that object might be it certainly could not be anything objectionable, otherwise, the three *sannyassis* would surely have taken time out from their idol worship to remove it.

Then, as we drew nearer, I noticed Father Francis squirm uncomfortably. And soon I squirmed, too. For that dark, bulky mass turned out to be the hind quarters of a dead buffalo, horribly bloated and in an advanced stage of putrefaction. Immediately something seemed to tell me that I had about enough of this "bewitching panorama,"

and the last vestige of doubt was now removed from my mind when I beheld one of the bathers, just a short distance down stream, cup her hands and take a drink from the "purifying waters." I was thoroughly disgusted.

"Father Francis," I pleaded, "please tell the dear old skipper to signal full steam ahead and put us ashore."

We dropped around to see the Monkey Temple. There were monkeys everywhere—on the stone steps, in the doorways, and up on the terrace. Old fuzzy-faced grandpa monkeys who bared their yellow teeth at us, and little baby monkeys with schoolgirl complexions. We went up on the terrace to get a look inside the temple and one of the temple attendants followed us with a handful of grain. He scattered it, and monkeys came scrambling from all directions. I thought it was awfully nice of him to put on this performance for our benefit, but I soon discovered that a consideration was expected. I didn't mind this, for the monkeys as monkeys were a fairly decent lot, though they made a very poor showing as gods.

We now entered the Golden Temple where "the Lord of the Universe makes his eternal abode." Just inside the temple and off to one side was a small shrine devoted to *linga* worship. There was a repulsive idol smeared with bright red *sindur* powder, and before it a male pilgrim was engaged in obscenity.

There was something uncanny and weird about this place with its ugly, grotesque gods, the clanging of bells, and the continual hubbub and confusion of the crowd. It was positively devilish, and made me feel decidedly

uncomfortable. And I also felt that the article which had made me want to see this "sacred city," and which had the title of *Benares—the Vatican of the Hindus* might more appropriately have been called *Benares—a Prelude to Hell*.



Crazy Words, Crazy Tune

Unless Germany were attacked on her western frontiers, we see nothing that could prevent her invasion of the U. S. S. R. Though Moscow pretends to be unconcerned and prepared for any emergency, she is terrified. Hence her feverish efforts to compel the Western democracies to pledge themselves to save her from Germany, but she plays her game with masterly astuteness, maneuvering so that it should be these Powers which clamor for her assistance. A coalition to save the Communist regime and a "Crusade," wherein His Grace of Canterbury would march together with Stalin and Yaroslavsky to salvage liberty and religion, is an idea which could only have evolved in the crazy age in which we are doomed to live.

G. Bennigsen in the *Dublin Review* (April '39).



Ecce Homo

There came into exile a priest, released some time previous from a Nazi concentration camp. In response to our questions, he told us that he had made a promise not to discuss what treatment had been accorded him there, but that no provision in his oath kept him from letting us see for ourselves. Then he stripped to the waist and we beheld the marks of the scourging—the welts that had healed, but which ran about his body like cicatrices of flame; and we closed our eyes, shuddering at this stark revival for our imaginations of that most ancient of Christianity's pictures, the *Ecce Homo*. And I think there was in none of us any doubt that in the end, the fearful image of Him which this poor priest was fated to be (and he is only one of many) will hover over the German people like a benediction and a consecrating sign.

George N. Schuster in *Survey Graphic* (Feb. '39).

The Oldest Picture of Our Lady

Dogma is in art

By CAROL L. BERNHARDT, S.J.

Condensed from the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart**

The earliest known picture of the blessed Virgin is in the Roman catacomb of Priscilla. The painting is sometimes called *Our Lady of the Catacombs*, because it was frescoed upon the wall of the subterranean cemetery of Priscilla. We may call it a decorative picture, for the Christians of those early days were accustomed to decorate their underground burial places with paintings of subjects pertaining to religion. This fresco was painted in the burial place of the great Roman family of Marcus Acilius Glabrio. Today it is sometimes called *Queen of Prophets*. A small church in Rome has a replica at one of the side altars, and it is there venerated under the title of *Our Lady, Queen of Prophets*. The fresco has also been named *Madonna and the Prophet of Bethlehem*, because of the prophet who stands in the picture next to our Lady and her Child.

Time has dimmed the picture and distorted the outlines, but a reverence and a spirituality still shine through the faded tints. Authorities differ in assigning a date to the composition. The year 50 does seem too early, and the year 180 seems too late. We may say confidently that it was painted some time in the period from the year 125 to the year 150.

Four things are worthy of notice in the picture: the mother, the Child, the man beside the mother and Child, and the star. The blessed Mother is seated and nurses her little one. She is dressed as a matron of the day, with a veil partially covering her head. She bends slightly toward her Baby, as she maternally presses Him with her hands to her bosom. This little group of mother and Son is posed in a natural and human manner. The Child lies over towards our blessed Mother's right. His little hand rests gracefully upon her. His face is turned toward the spectators.

Beside the mother and Child stands the figure of a man. A controversy has raged over the identity of this man. Some have thought that it represents an angel; however, the figure is too patently human for that to be true. Others have contended that the man here shown is St. Joseph; but, as a matter of fact, St. Joseph in art is of a much later date than this picture. Then, too, the dress worn by the man is of a distinctive type and one not worn by St. Joseph in art. Real clues to the identity of the figure seem to reside in the garment the man wears and in the scroll which he carries in his hand. The garment is the pallium;

*515 E. Fordham Road, New York City. June, 1939.

the scroll represents his writing or his prophecy. Now the prophet Isaias had foretold that a virgin would give birth to a child. The figure, then, is almost certainly meant to be that of the prophet Isaias. He stands there in the picture, and as he looks out toward the spectator, he points out to the ages the fulfillment of the prophecy in the mother seated beside him.

Above the group of mother and Babe is a star. It represents the star of prophecy in the Book of Numbers (xxiv, 17), "A star shall rise out of Jacob." The Star is Christ, the Messiah.

It is then quite apparent that, in this earliest period of Christian art, the dogmas of the Catholic Church control painting. Early theological writings are much concerned to show that in Mary and in Jesus prophecies are fulfilled. Dogmatically, the picture proclaims two of the Church's teach-

ings concerning Mary of Nazareth: that she was a virgin, that she was a mother. Theologically, the picture presents a proof of that teaching—the prophecy of Isaias.

The unknown painter of this catacomb picture is handing down the doctrines of Mary's virginity and of Mary's maternity, because those doctrines had been handed down to him. The apostles deposited those doctrines with the Church, and the Church of the Catacombs is handing them down in this picture. For pictures also can instruct and teach. The theologians stress the fact that one of the media of tradition is monumental art. This picture is such a medium.

It is thrilling to realize that this picture was painted so close to the age of the apostles, to the age of Mary herself. It is still a fascinating picture to behold, even after 19 centuries.



Beginnings . . . II . . .

CALIFORNIA

First priests: The Augustinian friars, Andrés de Urdaneta and Andrés de Aguirre, north of present Monterey, 1565.

First (recorded) Mass: November 13, 1602, near San Diego, by three Carmelite friars.

First (recorded) Baptism: Two dying Indian children by Fray Junipero Serra, July 22, 1769.

Gilbert J. Garraghan in *Mid-America* (April '39).

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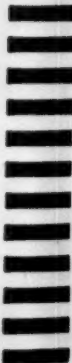
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THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA



Baby Takes a Bow

And brings down the house

By ROSALIE MELLETTE

Condensed from the *Catholic Woman's World**

"Why do you suppose nurses look upon new fathers as mental incompetents?" Bart asked Carol as the taxi rolled away from the hospital.

"Tradition, probably." Carol pulled back a corner of the blanket to peep at Barton Tenny Junior who slumbered peacefully in his father's arms. "And then," she went on serenely, "some of them are pretty potty."

"Was I?"

"Darling, you were superb. An innocent bystander would have sworn this was your ninth child. You were positively heroic."

"I've been taking a beating down at the plant," Bart told her. "It's five to one with Thorne that I'll be a nervous wreck tomorrow morning, and won't show up for work. He's got three kids and he says it's a sure thing. Says we'll both be bushed and I'll have to stay home and help."

"He's crazy!" Carol was indignant. "You'll do no such thing. Annie's coming and everything's all set."

"I know it, but Thorne's got to have his joke." Bart went on, "I was down to Eunice's last night to tell 'em you'd be home today. The place was in a litter, the baby howling, Eunice doing the mad scene from Lucia and poor old Fred sterilizing bottles.

Regular boiler works! Wow!"

"Eunice has lost her grip."

"What do you think she told me?"

"What?"

"That she'd come up and stay tonight if we need her—said it might be a little tough. But I told her that we were more or less prepared against bad news. That you'd stayed an extra week in the hospital so the baby'd be well grounded in his routine and you'd be strong enough to get about. And that all in all we thought we had the situation pretty well under control."

"Went right over her head, didn't it?"

"Straight over and out the window."

The little two-room kitchen and dinette apartment was clean and shining. The baby, still sleeping, was in his carriage not far from Carol's chair.

"He's a close-mouthed little rascal, isn't he," Bart observed admiringly.

"The nurses said they ought to sleep 20 out of 24 hours at this age," replied Carol.

"Then that makes it perfect; four hours of racket and 20 of good stony silence."

"But, darling, it isn't as cut and dried as all that."

Bart bent over the carriage. "When does he eat and what?"

*Marygrove College, Detroit, Mich. June, 1939.

"That package we brought home from the hospital is his formula for tonight. You'd better put it in the icebox. I should've thought of it before. Let's see," Carol began to count her fingers. "Six o'clock, ten o'clock, two o'clock, and six o'clock again. That's four. There should be four, Bart. Take a look."

Bart took the package into the kitchen and reported there were four bottles. He put them into the refrigerator and opened another package that was lying on the kitchen table.

The roast Annie had started was getting crisp and brown on the outside, so were the potatoes ranged alongside of it, and the asparagus tips were in a pan ready to be heated. The dinner was going to be a surprise for Carol.

"You're not to lift a finger, Mrs. T.," he said sternly. "The meal will appear before you and any move on your part will be considered very unfavorably by those in high places."

"Aye, aye, sir," she answered meekly. "But shouldn't we feed the crew first? It's time."

She explained about taking the stopper out, putting the nipple on, setting the bottle in a pan of water and heating it gently. Bart reappeared, gingerly holding the bottle between thumb and forefinger. "Think it's warm enough?"

Carol reached for the bottle and shook a drop on her wrist. "It seems all right to me—what d'you think?"

She shook a drop upon his wrist.

"Gosh, Honey, I don't know. Am I supposed to?"

"It should be about blood heat." They gazed at the drop.

"I think it's all right."

"I do, too." She got up and went over to the carriage. Bart looked at his watch.

"It's four minutes of. Do we wait or barge ahead?"

"A minute or so doesn't make much difference."

"It must be slick to see him wake up on the dot and look around for his grub."

"Bart, you're hopeless. We'll have to wake him."

The baby made no outcry at being awakened. Lying in the crook of his mother's arm, he gave his entire and enthusiastic attention to his supper, exhibiting at all times a magnificent indifference to admiration. After draining the last drop, he gave himself up to deep slumber.

The dinner was a rousing success. Carol said it was the best food she had tasted in ages and Bart glowed under her praise.

At ten o'clock the baby awakened for his feeding which he accepted with the same dignity that had characterized the earlier one. And with no further ado he went back to sleep.

They decided to set the alarm for a quarter of two so there would be plenty of time to heat the bottle for

the night feeding. "And this is my turn," Bart said masterfully. "I'll put the clock under my bed and if you wake up, just turn over and go to sleep again."

"When you see how simple the whole thing is you wonder why people make such a fuss about it," Carol observed complacently.

"They're nitwits," Bart assured her without hesitation.

Bart was reveling in the blissful state of semi-consciousness that precedes sleep when he heard Carol's voice call explosively: "Bart—the baby—he's breathing funny."

Bart listened, and, sure enough, from the living room there came a faint whistling wheeze. He reached the floor in one bound and raced for the living room, the sharp pain inflicted on his shins by a carelessly placed chair forgotten in the horrid remembrance of infants smothered to death in their blankets. A fraction of a second behind him came Carol spurred by the same thought. Shouldering him aside, she peered into the buggy. The baby lay exactly as she had left him except that he had got one fist under his shoe-button nose. Carol gently put it back under the blanket and the wheezing whistle stopped.

The pair grinned sheepishly at each other. Later, when Bart became conscious of the baby's cries, his first thought was that the alarm hadn't gone off and he had overslept. He dug down

under the bed and fished up the clock. The illuminated dial showed it was 20 minutes past 12. The baby was not crying very hard, nothing more than a persistent wailing. Might be lonesome, or irritable, or just taking a little exercise. After a short period of earnest consideration, Bart resolved not to waken Carol. The thing to do was to go back to sleep and wait for two o'clock, a mere hour and a half.

He buried his head in the pillow, bringing both ends about his ears, and simulated the measured breathing of restful slumber. But sleep did not follow. The baby's wailing was becoming stronger. It would surely waken Carol. He sat up, and leaned toward her bed. She was lying straight and still and her eyes were wide open.

"Did he wake you up?" he asked anxiously.

"I haven't been to sleep." Her voice sounded strange and far away.

"Good heavens, Honey—"

"I've been thinking how horrible it would be if the apartment were to catch fire while we were asleep—"

"Carol!"

She turned to him swiftly. "Don't say I'm silly!" she said sharply, almost harshly. "Worse things have happened."

Completely unnerved by the enormity of this possibility, Bart lay down again and stared at the window outlined against the reflection of the street lights. Presently he inquired in a cau-

tious but hollow, jerky voice:

"Do you think I should get up and see what the trouble is; pick him up maybe and walk around a little? He's crying pretty loud."

"It won't hurt him," Carol replied in the same strange voice. "The book says to let them cry. Babies are very easily spoiled."

Bart composed himself—but briefly. With a sudden mighty intake of breath the baby gave vent to a shattering avalanche of sound. Bart bolted upright. Carol did not move. The cries continued with frightening breathless pauses. After a desperately long one Bart spoke because he was humanly unable to keep silent.

"I'm going to get up."

"You most certainly are not."

"He's my own flesh and blood—I can't lie here and listen to his death agony."

"He's not dying—he's just mad."

"How do you know but what a pin is sticking into him?"

This time it was Carol who left her bed in one frenzied leap and sped through the open doorway of the living room carefully circumnavigating the chair that had been Bart's undoing. After a stunned second Bart followed. She was exploring the baby's clothing with shaking hands.

"Maybe I could help," Bart began timidly.

"Go away," she said without looking at him. "Oh, my baby, my poor

precious, precious, little baby."

No open pin was discovered, so Carol picked up the baby and sat down in the big chair. The cries diminished miraculously and Bart ran into the bedroom to get her bathrobe and slippers. The baby's eyes finally closed and with fearful gentleness they placed him in the carriage to await the 2 P. M. feeding.

Bart drowsed, but woke suddenly and for a black minute lay rigid with a nameless foreboding. At the return of full consciousness he dived for the clock. The hour hand pointed to three. His finger slid to the alarm's release. Great heavens above, he hadn't set it! Carol was sleeping soundly. He got out of bed and weaved groggily into the kitchen stepping daintily on the cold linoleum. Extracting one of the two remaining bottles from the refrigerator he fitted a nipple to it and set it in the double boiler to heat.

Seating himself on the kitchen stool he gave himself up to meditating upon what glorious times there would be when Barton, Jr., came old enough to be pals with him. He was startled out of his dreams by a sharp report and looked up just in time to see the nipple flying ceilingward and the bottle swaying precariously in the boiling water. He snatched the latter to save its precious contents and stifled a howl of anguish. His search for the missing nipple proving fruitless, he got a new one from its box. Tiptoeing into the

living room he lifted the still-sleeping baby into his arms, settled himself in the armchair and placed the nipple on the baby's lips.

After the first sup, Bart, Jr., jerked his head aside, stiffened, and uttered a piercing scream of rage and pain. Bart, Sr., froze into immobility and made faint burbling noises, waving the bottle before the baby's tightly shut eyes. But that outraged young man would have none of it. He pulled out all the stops and his face took on a purplish tinge.

Carol was in the doorway. She was beside the chair. She snatched the baby from Bart, her face distorted with fright.

"What've you done?" she demanded fiercely.

"Nothing," Bart croaked hoarsely. "I just gave him the bottle and he started yelling."

"Give me that bottle." He held it toward her and she felt it. "You've burnt him, that's what you've done. The bottle's scalding!"

Bart made a wild gesture. "God forgive me! I'll get Eunice—no, I'll get a doctor." He stumbled toward the telephone. "If I can't get a doctor, I'll call an ambulance."

"Bart," Carol's voice stopped him in his tracks, "don't be a fool!"

Carol sat down. "Cool the bottle," she went on evenly, "and bring it back as soon as you can."

He ran to the kitchen with the bottle

and put it into the icebox. Returning to Carol's side, he pressed his face against her soft, fair hair.

"We've got to pull together on this, old girl," he murmured brokenly. "We're in it up to our necks and we've got to pull together."

She patted his arm with a comforting hand.

"Hurry with the bottle," she whispered.

Bart dashed to the kitchen again, flung open the refrigerator door and reached for the bottle. The remaining bottle toppled, slid forward, balanced sickeningly on the edge for a moment, then crashed to the floor.

"What was that?"

"The other bottle broke," he said thickly.

"You only need to hold them under the cold-water faucet," she sighed wearily. "Get me the one you've cooled."

He brought it to her and watched as she began to feed the baby.

"You'll have to start right away on the formula," she told him presently.

He nodded soberly and disappeared. Doggedly, he sterilized, measured, filled the bottles. Gray was showing through the window when he finally had them in a steaming row on the shelf above the sink. Bart made coffee.

"What time is it?" Carol's voice from the living room flicked his raw nerves.

"Six thirty."

"Isn't the formula ready?" she asked.

"Cooling off," he replied eagerly. "And there's coffee, too; don't you think you'd better have some before you start feeding him?"

She decided she would, so he brought her a cup, waited until she finished it, then came in with the baby's bottle. Back in the kitchen again he poured a hot cupful for himself and sat down to enjoy it.

Carol began the ceremony of bathing the baby. The baby, who had been quiet for so long, began to weep bitterly as she tried to take off his clothes. And now it was violently resisting her efforts to remove its shirt. She pleaded with him, and Bart could hear the hysteria in her voice. The baby jerked, kicked, and screamed. Carol turned to Bart with tear-filled eyes. At that instant the baby relaxed and the shirt was off. Now she was holding him over the water.

"I can't do it, Bart," she sobbed.

"I'll try it, Carol." With infinite care he slipped his hands under hers. Slowly she withdrew her hands and he was alone with the soft little creature.

He should be a step nearer the tub but he could not take that step. His son was dying, dying in his arms. The top of the baby's scalp was palpitating and its chest was heaving. It was entirely boneless and he saw plainly that its head was out of joint with its body.

"You're breaking his arm—his arms are bent back under his body!" Carol's voice was edged with hysteria. She rescued the baby from his paralyzed father.

The doorbell rang and on the third buzz Bart stalked out to answer. It was Eunice, rested and bright-eyed. Bart's mouth opened and closed but no words came. Motioning her weakly toward the kitchen he leaned dazedly against the wall and closed his eyes, thankful for a brief moment's respite from that chamber of horrors.

With no ceremony, disregarding shrieks, kicks and breath holdings, Eunice put the baby into the bath and washed him. "You have to be firm with these rascals," she said, as she swished him through the water, "or they'll run you ragged."

The baby yowled and kicked but she went right on with the drying and dressing. When he crooked an arm, she uncrooked it, and slipped on the shirt. As she was tying his little wrapper, she looked up obliquely at his haggard parents.

"How was it—tough?"

They stared at her without speaking.

"Just—just toward the last," Carol finally managed.

Carol followed Eunice into the living room and Bart emptied the cold coffee out of the cup that was still on the table, and poured another cupful and pulled up the stool.

He heard Carol telling Eunice good-

bye; then she came into the kitchen. "We may as well have some breakfast. No," as he started to get up, "sit there and I'll get some coffee. I don't want anything else right now. I'll fix you some eggs though, if—"

"Couldn't eat them. I'm just worrying about leaving you alone—do you think you can get through the day?" he looked at her anxiously.

"Oh, Darling, don't worry—it's going to be better."

The telephone rang and before he could move, she was up. He heard her say: "All right, Annie, if you can't, you can't." And, when she came back to the kitchen, "Annie can't come, she has to take her grandchild to be vaccinated." She pushed the fair hair back from her forehead.

He reached across the table and took one of her hands in his. He held it for quite a while, then he went to the telephone and called the plant.



The Ring of the Fisherman

The use of a ring as part of the episcopal insignia was in general use in the Church by the 8th century. Manuscripts of the *Gregorian Sacramentary* (a book containing the ritual for Mass, the sacraments and various other rites), and a few early *Pontificals* (a book containing the services conducted by a bishop), contain the formulae for the delivery of the ring. The Gregorian form, which is substantially the form used today, is as follows: "Receive the ring, that is to say, the seal of faith, whereby thou, being thyself adorned with spotless faith, mayst keep unsullied the troth which thou hast pledged to the spouse of God, His holy Church." This form expresses the twofold symbolism attached to the ring—that of discretion as shown by the seal, and of conjugal fidelity.

Independently of his position as the first of the bishops, the Pope wears a signet ring distinctive of the Papacy. The Ring of the Fisherman is a sign of the authority by which St. Peter's successor governs the Church. It is in a letter of Clement IV in 1265 that the Fisherman's Ring is found referred to for the first time. The statement is to the effect that private letters of the Popes were sealed with the seal of the Fisherman. Only from the 15th century was it used to seal Papal official documents.

The ring itself is a simple gold ring and bears a representation of St. Peter in his boat with his net. At the death of a Pope the ring is broken and a new one made for his successor. The Cardinal Camerlengo places the Fisherman's Ring on the finger of the newly elected Pope. When the Pope selects the name he will take, it is engraved on the ring above St. Peter's head.

The Comintern

By G. M. GODDEN

Society for war and hatred

Condensed from the *Irish Rosary**

An anniversary of exceptional interest to 65 countries, in both hemispheres, has not received the attention that the well-being of those countries demands. It is the anniversary of the foundation of an organization which holds thousands of intelligent citizens, men and women, and especially young men and women, under the strictest obedience, mental, moral and physical.

It is the anniversary of an organization founded just 20 years ago by the greatest master of revolutionary construction, and "conspirative" technique, of the century—Lenin; an organization which bears eloquent witness to the practical skill exercised in its creation by the constant increase, today, in its membership and in its scope of action. Twenty years ago, on March 4, 1919, the *Third International*, generally known as the *Comintern*, was founded. While constantly exploiting on thousands of platforms, and in tens of thousands of pamphlets, the words of peace and fraternity, no organization has ever more exactly merited the description, "A Society of War and Hatred."

As early as August, 1914, Lenin rallied together all the small groups of Socialists in various countries to begin a "new, finer revolutionary International," and these groups were brought

together at the notable conference held at Zimmerwald in 1915. We have the word of Lenin's wife Krupskaya, as to what really happened. The Communist organization, she tells us, "quickly went deep underground, issuing leaflets with instructions on how to utilize the war in the interests of developing and deepening the revolutionary struggle."

In October, 1914, Lenin was declaring, at Lausanne, that it was necessary to turn the war into "a conflict between the proletariat and the ruling class," and was promulgating the necessity of the creation of a new International. During the entire autumn—that terrible first autumn of the World War—Lenin, his wife tells us, "was in high militant spirits." He declared that the slogan for action could only be the creation of civil war; and demanded that "all propaganda and agitation be directed towards international unification of the proletariat in the interests of civil war. The proletarian slogan must be civil war." A year later, in 1915, Lenin was envisaging not only general civil war, but also the disappearance, under Communist ascendancy, of democracy. We wish every Communist orator today, declaiming his love of "democracy" in accordance with the 1939 tactics of the Communist

**St. Saviour's, Dublin, C. 16, Ireland. May, 1939.*

International, could be confronted with Lenin's words, written in 1915: "The full victory of Communism will have brought about the total disappearance of the State, including its democratic form."

Two years later, in April, 1917, Lenin wrote that it was necessary to found a new International without delay; but delay ensued, and the first Congress of the Third International, or the Comintern, was not opened by Lenin until March 2, 1919. Closing this first Congress, Lenin declared: "The Third International gathers the fruits of the Second International . . . and has begun to effect the Dictatorship of the Proletariat." The progression is perfectly logical. First we have war; out of war Communist propaganda develops civil war. War is therefore a condition which all Communist leaders must desire to foster, however loudly the rank and file are taught to shout for peace; out of civil war the same propaganda, reinforced by armed power, sets up the Communist dictatorship. Judging by the invaluable demonstration of Communism in action, afforded by Spain during the last three years, the required armed power will be obtained without difficulty by the "emergency arming" of the mob, once the desired civil war has broken out.

The second Congress of the Comintern was held in 1920, and was the occasion of the publication of the

famous thesis, *The Role of the Communist Party in the Proletarian Revolution*. We will quote from an uncensored English version. The censored issues have certain passages replaced by rows of asterisks. The thesis of 1920 first defines the "Dictatorship of the Proletariat" in terms which should give every Catholic, tempted today by the new and specious Communist policy of the "outstretched hand," cause to think furiously. This dictatorship, the aim of all Communist International action, is to be built up on the destruction of the existing "press, schools, Church." The Comintern then proceeds to lay down the necessity of developing "class struggles" into "civil war," to point out that even a general strike is not sufficient, but that the "proletariat must resort to an armed uprising," to urge incessant work by Communists "inside" trade unions, to warn the workers that "a long stubborn civil war" may be necessary, and to give further warning: "victory of the workers is impossible without a severe discipline" and the co-ordination of "legal with illegal work."

The world-wide activities of this Society of War and Hatred were soon apparent. The slogan, *Long Live the Third Communist International*, was found operating in Western Canada; France was threatened with an armed uprising; the sum of \$2,500,000 was voted, in April, 1922, for intensifying propaganda in Great Britain and

France, and, 12 months later, orders were issued by the Executive Committee of the Comintern to carry out active work "hostile to the basis of the British constitution"; two years later, the Comintern issued statutes by which the Communist Party of each country was bound to carry out implicitly all the commands of the Executive Committee of the Comintern in Moscow, even if they do not approve of them; sympathizers with the Communist Party should take special note of this obligation, which is as binding in 1939 as it was in 1924. Next year, the Comintern was busy dispatching qualified Chinese, then resident in Soviet Russia, back for work in their homeland, and the Communist Party of Australia was able to direct nearly 500,000 Australian workers.

In 1926 the world was divided into 11 sections, each with its own secretariat, under the Chief Secretariat of the Comintern. Of these 11 sections, to the fifth was allotted the U. S., Canada and Japan. In 1929 the Executive directed that \$50,000 was to be used for fomenting strikes, and for propaganda publications in America. The Communist tactical progression is, of course, well known: strikes, merging into a general strike, merging into civil war. In 1930 the Executive of the Comintern telegraphed \$2,250,000 to New York for work among the American unemployed. In 1931 \$400,000 had been distributed for Asiatic and

Pan-Pacific propaganda. The period of open struggle for world revolution was lucidly summed up in the official organ, *Pravda*, in its issue of September 9, 1928: "The world-wide nature of our program is not mere talk, but an all-embracing and blood-soaked reality. It cannot be otherwise. Our ultimate aim is world Communism, our fighting preparations are for world revolution, for the conquest of power on a world-wide scale, and the establishment of a world proletarian dictatorship."

From 1928 to 1935 the Comintern continued its fighting preparations for world revolution. It would be tedious to describe the efforts made to promote disturbances in countries as far apart as Greece and Java, Spain and India. But we cannot refrain, in view of the "outstretched hand" policy of the Communists today, from quoting the much more honest proclamation of the official program of the Comintern of May 25, 1928: "Communists must ruthlessly destroy prominent members of the middle classes."

In 1930 we got an indication of the profound change of policy to be promulgated at the Comintern World Congress of 1935, the change to the Trojan Horse tactics of camouflage and extended hands. In this year orders were given emphasizing the "inexpediency of immediately intruding naked Communism unduly into any public program." It was recommended that

work should be done "under the banners of a nationalist revolution." Today, the same work is being done under the banners of anti-Fascism. The new policy was seen three years later in a formal proposal of alliance with the Socialists, published early in 1933. Twelve months later, we find a United Front Pact of "common action against Fascists," signed between the Communist Party of France and the French Socialist Party; and preparations were in hand for the Comintern's World Congress of 1935, at which was launched that world policy of United Front Communist action which is still

in full operation. The 20th anniversary of the foundation of the Comintern is being celebrated by acclamations of the United Front Communist struggle in all countries for "peace and democracy." But the aim of the Comintern today is precisely that which the declarations issued by its Executive Committee from 1919 to 1935 declare, the aim of creating civil wars in all countries, as the inevitable step to a worldwide Dictatorship of the Proletariat. Under whatever cloak of propaganda for peace, for democracy, for nationalist aspirations, the Comintern is still the same "Society for War and Hatred."



The Extended Hand

Better known as the clinched fist

Reprinted from the *Catholic Herald-Citizen**

Five hundred Communist men and women rioting in front of a Church before and after Mass, booing Catholics as they came from the service, attempting to tear their clothing from their bodies—such a scene you may say cannot happen in America. But it did.

Last Sunday [May 14, 1939], Father Michael Vidal, pastor of St. Joseph's Spanish and Portuguese Church at Newark, New Jersey, arranged a special solemn high Mass in thanksgiving for the restoration of peace in Spain

and for the souls of those who died in the civil war there.

A crowd of 500 Red rioters began gathering at 10 o'clock and reached the heights of their booing and invective at 11:15, when the Mass began. Patrolmen from two radio cars and two uniformed officers sent to the church attempted to hold them in check as they threatened, pushed and manhandled the 400 people entering the church.

Comparative quiet seemed restored

* 523 E. Wells St., Milwaukee, Wis. May 20, 1939.

once Mass began and the two radio cars departed. But the crowd, its ranks increasing, immediately started another demonstration in a vain attempt to halt the service. In a garage nearby, Patrolman Joseph Blake was spending his day off tinkering with his car. When the rioting began the second time in earnest, he crawled out from under his car and telephoned the nearest police station. Nine patrolmen were rushed to the scene and the real riot of the day began.

Mass was over. The 400 inside the church began to file out. As they did so, the booing mob rushed forward and attempted to tear the clothing from their backs. Police warned and cajoled, without success. So they arrested five ringleaders, including Marie De Otero, a 39-year-old woman who had tried to tear down the Spanish and Portuguese flags that hung over the front door beside the American emblem. At the station the five were charged with creating a disturbance. Bail was set at \$100, which each posted.

Meantime, Father Vidal assured Spanish Consul De Gregorio and Portuguese Consul Barrios, guests at the service, that they were in no personal danger, and escorted them to their car while the mob yelped insults. He told newspapermen later that at no time was Spain's internal politics ever discussed.

"It was not a tribute to General Franco or to anybody else," he said.

"The service was simply a special solemn Mass of thanksgiving that the long, dreadful war had ended and that peace had at last come to Spain. I certainly anticipated no trouble."

This is believed the first time in recent American history that Reds have actually attacked Catholics attempting to participate in Church services. They created a similar scene in Brooklyn months ago when the country was arguing the pros and cons of the Spanish embargo, and the Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe, on 14th Street, in New York City, was smeared with the insignia of the hammer and sickle,* as the climax of a series of persecutions and massed assaults on Catholics in the vicinity who refused to support the Loyalist cause. They have picketed and insulted speakers who throughout the duration of the war sought to present the Nationalist side of the story to the public. Jane Anderson in particular was booed and taunted when she spoke at Harvard University as well as before civic groups in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles. A similar experience befell Aileen O'Brien, a nurse returned from Nationalist Spain, in Los Angeles, where Joseph Scott, lawyer and Laetare medalist, informed both police and mayor that if sufficient protection from Red mobbery was not afforded he would see to it that Catholics themselves would come prepared for any emergency.

*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, Feb., 1939, p. 74.

Trends in Catholic Church Design

The direction of progress

By MAURICE LAVANOUX

Condensed from *Architectural Record**

During the early days of the Catholic Church in the U. S., the missionaries were beset with problems of far more immediate importance than building design and artistic standards. They had to labor mightily to establish the Church in virgin soil and overcome physical handicaps which seem enormous and well-nigh impossible to us today. Those were heroic days, and no one with even a superficial knowledge of the ecclesiastical history of those times will wish to minimize in the slightest degree the achievements of those hardy pioneers. But the buildings that were erected at the time were often of the crudest sort and no pretense at architectural distinction was attempted.

As the Church became an established part of the American scene, and as American life itself became more stable, increased attention to building problems became possible. This stabilization was, of course, not evenly distributed either in time or space. In the Southwest, it was rather early—the San Diego Mission was founded in 1769; the Santa Barbara Mission in 1786; San Luis Obispo in 1772; San Gabriel Mission in 1771. In New Orleans, the present cathedral was begun in 1790, and St. Louis saw its first cathedral in

1831; while along the Eastern seaboard, the Church was well settled in large and substantial buildings by 1850. On the other hand, many areas in the U. S.—West Virginia, Kentucky, the Dakotas, Montana, etc.—where the Catholic population is still so small and scattered as almost to reproduce former pioneer conditions even today.

Because of this unequal development, and because of varying cultural sources and local conditions, it was natural that the design of these church buildings should be varied both in form and content. But—after what might be termed the pioneer period in ecclesiastical art in the U. S. was over—there were not those advances in church design which might have been expected. European architectural experience undoubtedly influenced early architects and led them to accept architectural precedents without sufficient understanding of the fundamental bases of those precedents.

The reasons for this widespread disregard of architectural criteria are more or less apparent. We can nowadays more fruitfully consider the shabbiness of much of the work of the past decades as an example of what not to repeat in the future.

The requirements of the Church in

*115-119 W. 40th St., New York City. April, 1939.

this country today are what they have always been: the *best possible building*—structurally, aesthetically, economically—in which the holy Sacrifice of the Mass can be celebrated with dignity and in full compliance with liturgical requirements. And it might be well to repeat here the obvious fact that the primary function of a Catholic church is *to shelter the altar and the congregation*, and not that it be arbitrarily planned to suit the romantic notions of the architect or his client without due regard for the ceremonies that will eventually be performed in the building.

Although certain liturgical requirements remain fixed, they are simple and—contrary to popular belief—highly flexible. Within certain limitations, the design of altars allows for many interpretations; the location of the choir near the sanctuary, rather than in a gallery at the rear of the church, can well produce new and interesting plans; a decently planned baptistry, together with adequate space for the ushers, and possibly a small room for the dignified sale of newspapers, pamphlets, and magazines—all these elements easily lend themselves to handling in a thoroughly contemporary fashion.

Since plan requirements are of a relatively simple nature, it is easy to conceive of many variations of plan from which can naturally flow a new interpretation of design thoroughly in har-

mony with the needs of the congregation and of the ceremonies that will be carried out in the church itself. And all this work should be done in strict accordance with what may be called the *mind* of the Church, i. e., honesty of purpose, honesty of material, honesty and fairness in the matter of compensation for honest work done by competent persons.

Anyone who has studied the church buildings of the past decades cannot fail to sense the fact that a romantic association with the shadow of past achievements has vitiated much of the work produced.

Two dominant trends are apparent. First, there are those architects who have been responsible for the design and construction of fine church buildings, even though their inspiration has too often been pervaded with an exaggerated sense of archaeological precedent and too little exploration of the potentialities of modern building techniques. There has been an increasing tendency on the part of these architects to simplify the idiom in which they work to the point where it is more compatible with contemporary requirements of performance and cost. (Thus, we find acoustical materials replacing stone in Gothic vaulting and stylistic detail being simplified to reduce cost.) On the other hand, there is the smaller group of designers, like Barry Byrne, who have insistently approached the problem in a different manner—from

a study of *plan* and with a conscious desire to exploit the potentialities of modern building technics. This type of approach to the design problem is much more advanced in Europe than in America.

In the application of modern technics, there are many who fear that their use will not produce what is termed an "ecclesiastical atmosphere." What, after all, does this atmosphere consist of, if not of those elements that produce a structure in which the needs of the celebrant at the altar and the congregation in the pews are met? Are these needs reasonably met nowadays by bad lighting, bad acoustics, bad ventilation, etc.? If all requirements are met, with a competent architect in the saddle, the *atmosphere* will take care of itself.

The logical way to meet higher building costs and decreased revenue is certainly *not* to continue to build replicas of any style which involves elements of no practical use today, such as non-flying "flying" buttresses and plaster vaults, even though they may be painted to *look like* stone. Rather must the designer honestly accept modern methods of construction as the one means of raising the standards of church design while at the same time reducing costs.

If the foregoing be true of the design of large or medium-sized urban churches, it applies with even more force to an increasingly important

phase of Catholic work—that of the small rural churches and missions. These buildings have too often been considered as "poor relatives" unworthy of much attention. Here, for obvious reasons, construction and maintenance costs are of decisive importance. In outlying sections of the country skilled craftsmen are usually scarce; building materials limited in variety; and the design problem even more difficult than in the case of large and more costly buildings. Yet, the builder hesitates to employ a competent architect because he thinks it wise to save the fee, and the result of this shortsighted policy is too often that plans are drawn by some one quite unfitted for the task.

One approach to the problem of designing a rural church for 250 or 350 persons costing \$25,000 or less might be to employ a competent architect to evolve a typical design which could then be duplicated where desired, with whatever minor changes might be indicated by local conditions. An adequate fee could then be determined to cover the building of a number of these small churches and the incidental details which would be required in each specified case. The same could be done with the small mission church costing \$5,000, for about 150 parishioners. It would surprise many a pastor and prelate to see what can really be accomplished through the judicious use of color and carefully designed details.

The Judaism of Hitler

By G. K. CHESTERTON

A glance at the past

Condensed from the *Sign**

Hitlerism is almost entirely of Jewish origin. It is, therefore, not Nordic, though I am very fond of the real Nordic Man, especially when he does really look like a Nordic Man; as, for example, when he is a Scandinavian. I think the Scandinavian is a thoroughly nice fellow; and probably a much better man than I.

What I frankly and flatly deny, in history as a whole, is that any Nordic Man ever brought anything in the way of an idea into the world.

The Germans came in due course to describe their policy as imperialism; but they borrowed the idea of imperialism from the Romans. They produced a sort of Prussianism that was praised or blamed as militarism; but they borrowed the idea of militarism from the French. The German emperors modeled themselves on the Austrian emperors, who had modeled themselves on the Greek emperors and the Roman emperors.

The greatest of the Prussians did not even conceal his contempt for Prussia. He refused to talk anything but French, or to exchange ideas with anybody except somebody of the type of Voltaire.

Then came the liberal ideas of the French Revolution, and the whole

movement of German Unity was originally a liberal movement on the lines of the French Revolution. Then came the more modern and more mortally dangerous idea of Race; which the Germans borrowed from a Frenchman named Gobineau.

And on top of that idea of Race, came the grand, imperial and insane idea of a chosen Race, of a sacred seed that is, as the Kaiser said, the salt of the earth; of a people that is God's favorite and guided by Him, in a sense in which He does not guide other and lesser peoples.

And if anybody asks where anybody got that idea, there is only one possible answer. He got it from the Jews.

It is perfectly true that the Jews have been very powerful in Germany. It is only just to Hitler to say that they have been too powerful in Germany. The Germans will find it very hard to cut up their culture on a principle of anti-Semite amputation.

They will find it difficult to persuade any German, let alone any European who is fond of Germany, that Schiller is a poet and Heine is not; that Goethe is a critic and Lessing is not; that Beethoven is a composer and Mendelssohn is not; that Bach is a musician and Brahms is not.

**Union City, N. J. November, 1933.*

But again, it is but just to Hitlerism to say that the Jews did infect Germany with a good many things less harmless than the lyrics of Heine or the melodies of Mendelssohn. It is true that many Jews toiled at that obscure conspiracy against Christendom, which some of them can never abandon; and sometimes it was marked not by obscurity but obscenity.

It is true that they were financiers or, in other words, usurers; it is true that they fattened on the worst forms of Capitalism; and it is inevitable that, on losing these advantages of Capitalism, they naturally took refuge in its other form, which is Communism. For both Capitalism and Communism rest on the same idea: a centralization of wealth which destroys private property.

But among the thousand and one ways in which Semitism affected Germanism is in this mystical idea, which came through Protestantism. Here the Nordic Men, who are never thinkers, were entirely at the mercy of the Jews, who are always thinkers. When the Reformation had rent away the more Nordic sort of German from the old idea of human fellowship in a Faith open to all, they obviously needed some other idea that would at least look equally large and towering and transcendental.

They began to get it through the passionate devotion of historical Protestants to the Old Testament. That,

of course, is where the joke comes in; that the Protestants now wish to select for destruction what nobody else, except the Protestants, had ever wanted to select and set apart for idolatry. But that is a later stage of the story.

By concentrating on the ancient story of the Covenant with Israel, and losing the counterweight of the idea of the universal Church of Christendom, they grew more and more into the mood of seeing their religion as a mystical religion of Race. And then, by the same modern processes, their education fell into the hands of the Jews.

There are Jewish mystics and Jewish skeptics; but about this one matter of the strange sacredness of his own race, almost every Jewish skeptic is a Jewish mystic. When they insinuated their ideals into German culture, they doubtless very often acted, not only as skeptics, but as cynics. But, even if they were only pretending to be mystics, they could only pretend to understand one kind of mysticism.

Thus, German mysticism became more and more like Jewish mysticism: a thing not thinking much of ordinary human beings—the hewers of wood and drawers of water, the Gentiles or the strangers—but thinking with intense imagination of the idea of a holy house or family, alone dedicated to heaven and, therefore, to triumph.

This is the great Prussian illusion

of pride, for which thousands of Jews have recently been rabbled or ruined or driven from their homes. I am certainly not enough of an anti-Semite to say that it served them right.

But it is true that it all began with the power of the Jews; which has now ended with the persecution of the Jews. People, like the Hitlerites, never had any ideas of their own; they got this

idea indirectly through the Protestants, that is, primarily through the Prussians; but they got it originally from the Jews.

In the Jews it has even a certain tragic grandeur; as of men separated and sealed and waiting for a unique destiny. But until we have utterly destroyed it among Christians, we shall never restore Christendom.

Thieves Fall Out

When he was Inspector of Police at Agua Prieta, Calles went shares in the cattle business with one Tomas Rosas. The enterprise flourished but it necessitated certain violations of the law. Calles, as Inspector of Police, arrested his partner for the violations, and immediately took over the whole business himself.

John Rimmer, S.J., in the *Catholic Virginian* (June '39).

The Galloping Trojan Horse

The Third International meeting in Russia. Communist tactics throughout the world have been bearing little fruit. New tactics must be devised. The outstretched hand strategy is resurrected. The delegates from the nations of the world are drilled in the new strategy. No more frontal attacks. Pretend friendship with everybody, the delegates are instructed. "Tell everybody: 'We are all working for the same end. Only our methods differ.' Put out the outstretched hand, but hide the brass knuckles. Bore into labor unions, into all organizations, into your respective Governments. Simulate friendship for Protestants, for Catholics. Soft pedal your anti-religious goal until you have penetrated into key positions in labor unions, in various societies, in your respective Governments." The Red henchmen disperse, scatter throughout the entire world. As the first, so this second application of the outstretched hand strategy becomes quickly successful. Reds penetrate into the Government of France. They seize complete control of the Spanish Republic. They capture hundreds of influential organizations in the U. S., work their way into the Government.

The *Parader in America* (3 June '39).

The Peace Bell of Rovereto

To known and unknown soldiers

By FREDERICO M. IZQUIERDO

Condensed from the *Christian Family and Our Missions**

Every evening, when the shadows of the night fall on the little town of Rovereto, nestling on the shores of the Adige and Leno, the bell of the fallen soldiers lifts her voice. Slowly, amid the creaking noise of steel chains, this largest of all Italian bells begins to sound. Only when fully swung up on both sides, a twist of the switch by the tower guard releases the clappers and the first tone of the bell is as strong as the last. No crescendo or decrescendo. The tone comes suddenly and fills the wide quiet space of the Adige valley, from the heights of the Salurno hills down to the plain of Verona. Every evening for five minutes with rhythmic strokes the bell mourns the death of the fallen heroes of the World War. Then the steel chains creak again.

To every nation that lost her sons in the World War, 15 minutes after the first ringing, a second ringing is dedicated on certain days. On January 9 the bell rings for the Turks, on March 22 for the Russians, on April 9 for the Portuguese. The Americans have their day on May 30, the Czechs and Slovaks on June 15, the Montenegrins on June 27, the Germans on August 22, the Austrians on August 30, the French on September 15, the

Serbs on October 15, and the Belgians on October 22. For the fallen of England the bell rings on October 29, for the Italians on November 4, for the Japanese on November 7, for the Bulgarians on November 27, for the Roumanians on December 1. This is the "holy bell of the fallen" on the old fortress of Rovereto.

It was a beautiful late summer day, a few years ago, that I stood on the pinnacles of the old castle for the first time. A former Austrian officer, with whom I had spent the afternoon over a bottle of wine, had told me of what the war had done to his native city, which for years lay between the two fronts of No-Man's Land. The town was not totally destroyed, but after the last gun of the World War had been fired, only the ancient portion around the castle still stood. All the newer quarters had fallen victim to the bombardment. He told me of the battles on the nearby Monte Pasubio, of the remarkable frescoes in the parish church of San Marco, of the soldiers' cemetery at Castello Dante, and when the last sound of the bell had died away, he continued the interrupted tale of the dead of the town and its side valleys, and then spoke of the dead of the war, to whom the bell is dedi-

*St. Mary's Mission House, Techny, Ill. June, 1939.

cated, of the bell itself and how it came into existence.

A young priest, who as army chaplain had witnessed the sufferings of the war on the southern and eastern fronts, returned from the war with the thought to secure a bell dedicated to the fallen soldiers of all nations. Since he was entirely without means, he started, by telling his plan to some of his confreres and the diocesan authorities, who approved and helped him collect the first funds. Other circles became interested: high officers, artists, officials of the state, until at last the government itself supported the plan and turned to the governments of all nations that had taken part in the war. Every country contributed, some money, but most of them bronze of old guns, from which the bell was to be cast. The execution was given to a well known artist, who before the war was professor of the Vienna Academy. To his genius the bell owes its present form. The apotheosis of the World War is represented in reliefs running around the mantle of the bell, beginning with recruits leaving home, weeping mothers, and wives, and ending with entrance of the spirits of the fallen into heaven. At the top of the bell, as symbol of suffering humanity, is enthroned the countenance of *Ecce Homo*. The inner surface of the large bell is reserved for thoughts and pro-

nouncements of great generals and statesmen of the World War. The tower room shows the image of a child that appears to represent the patron of the bell. This young girl saved all her spending money and turned it over to the chaplain as the first sum he received for the peace bell. She died suddenly on the day when the bell rang out for the first time. In the presence of the King of Italy and high officials of the kingdom and foreign representatives the bell was blessed and dedicated in October, 1925, with the expressed determination that it must not be rung for any other purpose except the memory of the dead.

On the days when the bell rings for the various nations, the otherwise quiet streets of Rovereto are alive with visitors, summer resorters, and winter sport fans, from the Lido of Venice and Lake Garda, from the Dolomites and the regions of Merano and Bolzano. Special trains bring tourists from Italian centers and the large cities of other countries, from Linz, Vienna, Munich, Lyons, Marseilles. Often on such occasions, after the bell has become silent, songs are heard that were on the lips of the soldiers when they met their deaths. The blood-soaked Monte Pasubio and the grenade-torn slopes of the Monte Baldo furnish the echo to the vow of peace coming from the iron mouth of the bell of Rovereto.

Lost Sheep of Catholic Hill

Proof of stability

By ALBERT T. STALLINGS

Condensed from the *Voice**

To anyone driving through the swampy lowlands of South Carolina below Charleston, the faintest sign of human habitation is always a pleasant relief. There are miles and miles of deserted road flanked by endless marshy forests. At one place, however, the trees suddenly thin out and we find ourselves ascending an irregular highland. Small farms begin to appear with increasing frequency. We have reached Catholic Hill.

The scene was probably about the same on a day in 1890 when one Father Berberich of Charleston happened through the district. Without any particular expectations he stopped a Negro farmer to inquire if there were any Negro Catholics in the vicinity. His question was overheard by others and relayed throughout the neighborhood with the speed so characteristic of rural communities, and before many minutes he was surrounded by a round-eyed, silent cluster of Negroes of every age and condition. Yes, they were nearly all Catholics—wasn't this called Catholic Hill? They baptized their own children and had been doing so ever since Granny there was a young slave and had been taught the rite by a priest. Certainly, their little ones were instructed about God, the Church

and the sacraments—wasn't that what Catholic parents were supposed to do? No, only Granny and a half dozen others there had ever heard Mass, for that took a priest, and no priest had set foot on Catholic Hill for 40 years. But every Sunday night they gathered at Brown's or Jackson's for prayers in common; also, they usually sang a few of the hymns that had come down to them from grandparents who had been slaves under Marse Bellinger and Marse Purcell. A few more fortunate ones even owned rosary beads. But was he really and truly a priest? Could he actually forgive sins, and change little wafers into the Lord's Body, and by a motion of his hand draw down the divine blessing on their children and their homes?

Gradually Father Berberich began to perceive beneath their curious questions a striking reverence for himself. As he began to formulate mental plans for a church for them, he could not help marvelling at the miracle of a Faith that had survived 40 years without priest, Mass or sacraments! Before long they were enjoying, with the enthusiastic gratitude so characteristic of their race, not only priestly care and a church, but a school besides.

We have read of foreign missionaries

**St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md. May, 1939.*

having to leave catechists in sole charge of little parishes for months at a time, but at Catholic Hill the only catechists were the parents themselves and the Faith had continued to live not merely for a few months or even a few years, but for a generation. We have read too, of the Nagasaki Christians who, without priests or even freedom of worship for two whole centuries, were discovered by Father Petitjean with the Faith still intact. But those were Japanese. Negroes are popularly supposed to be insincere or at least unstable Catholics.

The story behind the Catholic Hill incident begins back in 1826 and is still being told. The saintly and zealous Bishop England, he whom Italian Cardinals called "*il vescovo a vapore*" (the "steam Bishop"), presumably because of his remarkable energy, was especially solicitous for the colored members of his enormous diocese. Every Sunday his early Mass and one of his two afternoon sermons were exclusively for the colored one-quarter of Charleston's Catholic population. So it was that when he heard of the relatively large community of Catholic slaves attached to two large plantations "down in the marsh country," he arranged to establish there what some say was the first mission outside Charleston. All went well for a quarter of a century at the mission, though it saw a priest only four times a year.

Even that service had to cease sud-

denly in 1849, when there came a fire that destroyed the little wooden church. The parishioners had no money to rebuild, nor did Bishop Reynolds nor anyone else have any, so Catholic Hill had to be stricken from the mission list. The years went by. The Confederacy rose and fell, slaves were freed and the South endured the turbulence and confusion of Reconstruction days. Still the Negro farmers of the lowlands went peacefully on, unremembered and uncared for, but guarding jealously their Faith and patiently hoping that a priest would come. The answer to their prayers was Father Berberich. Thanks to him and later on to Mother Katherine Drexel, whose unstinting zeal in behalf of Negroes is a byword in home mission annals, Catholic Hill came once more to have priest and altar, and the added blessing of a Catholic school.

Wooden structures, however, have a way of outliving their adequacy and so June 30, 1935, saw another special gathering at Catholic Hill. As pastor, Father Alfred F. Kamler was host to Bishop Emmett M. Walsh of Charleston. The occasion was the dedication of the third church on Catholic Hill, the largest and most attractive so far. Every one of the Hill's 112 souls was most emphatically present, not only present but almost transfigured with excitement. It was something more than the Bishop's eloquence and graciousness, and the presence of so many

priests, that caused those dusky faces to glow with pride and emotion. The dedication of the new St. James' was not alone the sanctifying of a new temple to the Most High. It was a matter of personal and intimate concern to everyone of those loyal hearts. Theirs was the proud elation of a closely knit family in its new home, and to Catholic eyes was a thing beautiful to see. One of the priests remarked, "Today I learned what gusto means in music."

Afterward, Father Kamler invited all the guests over to the schoolhouse, where selected members of the congregation had put their whole hearts and all the culinary lore of the genial Southland into the preparation of a

chicken dinner. Still somewhat overawed and shy, however, they did not really relax until they received an unforeseen opportunity of showing their appreciation to the Bishop. Someone, in turning His Excellency's car around for him, had landed the front wheels in an unsuspected hazard. The whole parish leaped to the rescue. The hero of the day was the farmer whose mule, William, furnished the main power. But William, in a moment of rudeness, or perhaps coyness, at performing before so many ecclesiastical onlookers, so far forgot himself as to kick the side of the car. "You see, Bishop, he's new on Catholic Hill," apologized the owner, covertly punching William's neck.



Samaritan

It was in the gutters outside of Sun Wui, a prosperous city of 150,000, that Father Frank Connors found her: dressed in burlap bags, this Chinese mother.

"Are you a beggar?" he asked. "Worse than a beggar, a leper," she replied. She told how she had been a lady of wealth, with a good husband and children; that she discovered the leprosy and, to save the "face" of her family, left home. Spending all her money in search of cure, but failing, she returned to her native village to beg. Her husband passed her by; he tossed her a penny, but he did not recognize her. Her daughter passed, not even dropping a coin. The village elders drove her away. Eventually it was outside of Sun Wui for her, with her filthy blanket for the cold nights in the streets, with her chopsticks and rice bowl, which had not been filled for three days.

"Come to our colony and we will gladly take care of you," said Father Connors.

"But I am too weak to walk," she replied.

The young American priest stooped over, picked her up, placed the rotting form on his own shoulders, and carried her out to his Gate of Heaven Leper Asylum.

From Father Connors, Priest Among Lepers (Maryknoll pamphlet).

Beginning of Printing in America

By CARLOS E. CASTANEDA

Fourth century of an event

Condensed from the *Catholic Library World**

The use of movable type began in 1455, and less than 100 years later excellent printing was done in Mexico, from a press brought to that country only 47 years after Columbus discovered the American continent. This surprising achievement, 400 years ago, is to the credit of the humble Fray Juan de Zumárraga, a venerable Franciscan.

By order of Emperor Charles V he was called to Madrid on January 25, 1531. He had been in Mexico for almost three years prior to the call and had learned from personal observation the needs of the new colony. He now met the recently appointed Viceroy, Don Antonio de Mendoza, discussed the problems of Mexico with him, and presented several memorials to the king on the needs for the development of the country. It is significant that one of the first things he noted as indispensable was the creation of a library. "Because the greatest need experienced by the Church and all the land is that of a good library to solve the doubts and questions that arise daily," he declared, "I beg Your Highness and Lords to order and command what portion of the tithes shall be used for the purchase (of books) and expenses thereof." Zumárraga had, in fact, brought to Mexico in 1528 his private

library, consisting of almost 200 volumes, to which he continued to add until the day of his death, when it passed to the Convent of San Francisco el Grande. Eloquent testimony touching the character of his library, the first on the American continent, are five volumes now in the library of the University of Texas, each neatly inscribed in his own even and clear hand *Es del obpo. de Mexico. f. Jo. de Zumárraga*. Among these are Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*, printed in Basle in 1518, and the two volume edition of John Gerson's works, printed in Paris in 1521.

Just when did the first printer come and when was the first press brought to America? The facts seem to indicate that the first printer to exercise his trade was Esteban Martin. He came in 1534 and brought the first press, with a very modest and no doubt inadequate supply of type, which in 1539 was replaced by the first commercial printing establishment in the new world, opened as a branch of the firm of Juan Cromberger of Seville.

Such are the remote and informal beginnings of printing in the new world, which found a welcome in Mexico City under the auspices of Bishop Juan de Zumárraga. It is deplorable but not strange that all copies of the

*University of Scranton, Scranton, Pa. May, 1939.

first productions of the humble press of Esteban Martin should have been destroyed by time and hard use. Most of the works that issued from his press, if we are to judge by the years immediately following, must have been catechisms and doctrinal books that did not survive ruthless handling.

The letter of Zumárraga of May 6, 1538, and perhaps appeals of Viceroy Mendoza, soon brought about arrangements for the formal establishment of a printing firm with sufficient resources to meet the increasing demand for books and the vicissitudes of economic stress that beset Esteban Martin. When we come to 1539, we are on solid ground. The records are sufficiently full and complete to dispense with conjecture. From this year dates the unbroken operation of printing in America. It is for this reason that it deserves to be commemorated on its 400th anniversary as the most significant date in the history of new world culture, comparable only to the inauguration of the first university in 1553.

On June 12, 1539, Juan Cromberger, owner of a well-known printing house in Seville, a printer by trade, entered into a formal contract with Juan Pablos, an Italian of Brescia, Lombardy, a printer also, and with Gil Barbero, pressman, whereby the last two agreed to go to Mexico to establish a branch of the firm. Cromberger agreed to furnish a press and the necessary type and equipment to the value of

about \$3,000; to pay for the cost of its transportation and the passage of the two; to furnish them board and the necessary spending money for the trip; and to pay the master printer 150 ducats in gold a year and 48 ducats to the pressman. Pablos was to receive, furthermore, one-fifth of the net profits, but he was not to use his name in any imprint. This explains why all the books printed in Mexico up to 1548 bear the imprint *En casa de Juan Cromberger*.

Work was begun apparently soon after their arrival, for before the end of the year the *Breve y mas compendiosa Doctrina Christiana en Lengua Mexicana y Castellana*, a quarto volume of 12 leaves, issued from the press. This is the first production of the American press of which we have definite notice, although unfortunately the only copy known has disappeared and no one has seen it since it was first described.

The second piece was the *Manual de adultos*, printed in 1540, of which only three pages are known. The third item to appear was the *Relacion del espantable terremoto*, in 1541, an account of the storm and cloudburst that visited the city of Guatemala on September 10 and 11 of that year. Only a fragment of this, the first news broadside printed in America, now remains.

In the latter part of 1543 the *Doctrina Breve muy provechosa de las cosas que pertenecen a la fe catolica y a nuestra cristiandad*, by Zumárraga,

was begun, but for some unknown reason it was not finished until June of the following year. That it was fully expected it would be completed in 1543 is shown by the title page, which bears this date. In the colophon, however, it is unequivocally stated that the book was finished in the "House of Juan Cromberger" on June 14, 1544. This is more commonly known as the *Doctrina Breve*, by Zumárraga, to which attaches the signal distinction of being today the oldest book of the two Americas. Truly has it been said that this is "the earliest extant complete book to issue from the press in the Western Hemisphere, for only fragments remain of books printed in earlier years."

Today nine copies of this book are known, of which two are defective. Of the seven complete copies, three are in Europe and four in America, one being in the University of Texas. It is a remarkable book when considered from the point of view of the printer. The makeup is "little less than marvelous." The title was cut by hand on a solid block which was inserted in the portion of the shield used as a frame for the frontispiece. Here we have an example of hand-cut lettering, which although out of alignment at times, is nevertheless a good imitation of type and a clever piece of craftsmanship in itself. Being quarto size and containing 84 leaves, it has been estimated that a 500-copy edition required 21,000 impressions, which must have taken prob-

ably three months to finish. One of the most remarkable characteristics of the book is the even tenor of the impressions, explained by the fact that Pablos was paid only for perfect pages. Indians probably helped ink the leather pads with ink made, perhaps, from boiled linseed oil and soot from burnt pitch.

It is well to keep in mind that the *Doctrina Breve* made its appearance only 52 years after Columbus discovered the new world, before Martin Luther had gone to his reward, and while Henry VIII was still living with his sixth wife. Charles V still dominated the European scene, the hosts of Coronado were still in New Mexico, and De Soto's survivors were wandering beyond the Mississippi in the unexplored wilds of Arkansas and Texas. Sixty-three years were to elapse before Jamestown was founded, and the Pilgrim Fathers were not to land upon the bleak shores of Plymouth Rock for more than four score of years. Viewed in this light the achievement assumes its true importance.

The development of printing in Mexico after 1543 was rapid. Juan Pablos enjoyed his monopoly until 1559, when an ambitious assistant, brought to Mexico by him, succeeded in securing permission to set up a rival press. By the end of the century nine different presses were in operation.

The bulk of the production, particularly in the early years, was made up

of works on Christian doctrine, catechisms, and books of religious instruction. Equally notable are the Indian grammars, vocabularies, and dictionaries of the languages spoken by the various tribes in Mexico, which today form such a rich repository for the study of native linguistics. In this type should also be included the numerous *confesionarios*, *doctrinas*, and other books of instruction written in the indigenous languages to aid the missionaries and natives alike. In addition to the books that fall into these two groups, we find others on theology, philosophy, lives of saints, medicine, history, psalters, rituals, sermons, song-books, psalmody, missals, law, military science, nautical instruction, and arithmetic.

In commemorating the 400th anniversary of the formal introduction of the printing press in America, it is well to commemorate at the same time the 300th anniversary of the first press within the present limits of the U. S. which by a happy coincidence occurred a century later. To a dissenting minister, the Reverend Joseph Glover, rector of Sutton, in Surrey, England, we owe the first press brought to Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1638, and to fate that this press came under the direction of the President of the young College of Harvard, into whose ownership it was eventually to pass.

It seems that the first known piece to issue from the new press came early

in 1639 and very significantly, it was a small broadside entitled *The Oath of a Free-man*, of which no copy is known to be extant.

It is said that that same year an almanac was printed for a certain Mr. William Pierce, mariner, but no copy has come to light, the same being true of a similar publication printed in 1640. It was in this year, however, that the justly celebrated "*Bay Psalm Book*," whose true title is *The Whole Booke of Psalms Faithfully translated into English metre*, consisting of 148 leaves, small octavo, came off the Cambridge press. Eleven copies are known, of which six are imperfect.

An idea of the character and amount of printing done from 1639 to 1665 may be gained from a brief summary. During these years, according to the compilation of imprints made by Evans, 97 pieces were published. Of these, 15 were psalm books and portions of the Bible, 16 were law and politics, 21 almanacs, 25 catechisms and religious books, five theses, one spelling book, 11 sermons, one report of a synod, one poetry, and one on the expansion of Harvard College.

It is interesting to note that in Spanish America, the same as in the English colonies, printing owed its introduction to religious enthusiasm. In both instances the first productions were chiefly books on religion, followed shortly by books of instruction written in the native languages.

The books and pamphlets of the English Colonies are inferior from the point of view of the printer, lacking the finer finish, artistry, and beauty of those that issued from Spanish American presses. The explanation is not hard to find. The press set up at Cambridge reflected the stern purpose of its founders and its public. Theirs was a practical outlook of service. The printed word was not to delight the eye and

stimulate the imagination into pleasant revelry; rather, it was to impress upon the mind the seriousness of life and cause it to reflect upon its harshness. The Spanish American outlook was more tolerant, more appreciative of the aesthetic sense in life. A comparison of the works that came from the two presses during the first 60 years of their existence reveals the temperament of the two peoples they were to serve.



Button Touched

On revisiting a village in Portugal, I discovered my old friend Armandha had been put in the clink for four months. The villagers wanted to get him out, because a provincial Portuguese prison is not a pleasant place, but they didn't know how till I came. Then they asked the great and powerful English writer (me) to do it.

At the risk of being deported for meddling, I wrote to Dr. Salazar, enclosing as evidence of my admiration, pages 53 to 56 of the CATHOLIC DIGEST of October, 1938, which happened to be an article of mine on *The Land of Salazar*.

For a fortnight nothing happened. Then one morning I found a strange lady sitting on my cottage doorstep in the rain. She went through the motions of ceremonially embracing me; and then her child, evidently under orders, did the same without ceremony; and as it had lost its handkerchief, if it ever had one, it was a little trying.

The point came out a minute later when my friend Armandha showed up joyfully drunk, playing his guitar. It appeared that a Republican guard had turned up at night and had let him out. He had quite naturally celebrated with a few bottles; but, with a fine sense of duty, had told his wife and child to wait on my doorstep to say thank you.

I had touched a button somewhere. Or rather, pages 53-56 of the CATHOLIC DIGEST had touched a button somewhere. I thought you'd like to know.

From a letter from John Gibbons.

Essay on Clothes

They make the man ugly

By E. F. MILLER

Condensed from the *Liguorian**

Adorning the human body is a kind of art, and, therefore, like the other arts should fit into definite categories. In architecture there is the Gothic style, the Renaissance, the Florentine and a dozen or more others. When a man wants to build a church his first purpose is to cover four walls with a roof so that the people can have a place for worship. But his next purpose is to build four walls and a roof that are beautiful. So he builds a Gothic church, or a Basilica, or a temple after the fashion of the Byzantine. These types represent universal ideas, and though they might be improved on, they cannot be set aside as unworthy of consideration. So it is in music and painting and sculpture. Thousands of years of experience have been congealed into sharply outlined forms that no kind of quackery or modernistic art can dislodge.

This holds in all arts except the art of human adornment. It is impossible to express oneself (speaking seriously, of course) in one's clothes. What could be more perfect than the power of deciding at the beginning of a season: this year I shall wear Gothic clothes to prove that my aspirations are rising higher and higher as I go on in years. Or: I shall adorn myself in a

Byzantine overcoat during the winter months to show that, though I am a product of Western civilization, I still have much of the East in me. I do not mean, of course, that the art of dressing correctly should imitate the other arts, that men should wear arched hats like groined roofs in Gothic churches, or that women's dresses should be supported with pillars like the front porches of colonial houses. It should have its own types, proper only to itself.

Men's clothes today are not representative of any philosophy of life as are the products of other arts; not only can they not be fit into any mold, but most of them are positively ugly. Looking at the pictures of our fathers and our mothers in the family album we cannot help but laugh long and heartily at clothes that they thought were beautiful when they were young. Some day our children will laugh in like manner at us. I don't think anybody with sense laughs when a piece from Chopin or Mozart is played even though the composition was written long before automobiles were invented.

Give serious thought to what a man wears today and then try to withhold a shudder. In summer he puts on his head a straw hat as hard as a board,

*Box A, Oconomowoc, Wis. June, 1939.

that shifts with every wind, that gathers dirt and dust from every corner. It's not comfortable, it's not beautiful, it's not even healthy. Pass down his face and you see around his neck a band calculated to choke him and on top of that band a piece of cloth commonly called a necktie. No one yet has been able to solve the riddle of the necktie except to say that it is most likely a relic of the days when buttons were still unknown. Something had to be tied around the neck to keep the shirt from falling apart and opening the throat to chill evening breezes. But with the introduction of buttons the necktie lost its purpose and therefore should be cast aside. Nobody can say that it is beautiful, for nobody can say it represents anything.

The shirt is just as inexplicable. Instead of being just long enough to cover the chest and stomach, it is not a good shirt unless it drops almost all the way to the knees. A yard or two of absolutely useless material must go into every shirt before it can be a success. As an object of beauty it fails because it is never seen except in the privacy of the kitchen or just before one goes to bed. The canons of polite society demand that a man hide his entire shirt with the exception of about three inches under the neck, and the ends of the sleeves. This is pointless and foolish, for the shirt is not worn to keep the body warm, as is the

undershirt; it is supposed to be a means of adornment, a thing of beauty. How can it serve beauty if it can't be seen?

The tie and shirt may be without end or object; but the vest or waistcoat (as it is called by some) is the *ne plus ultra* of futility and ugliness. It has no sleeves and fits snug like a glove. It must be worn in the heat of summer as well as in the cold of winter. And it must always be covered with a coat. Viewing the vest from every possible angle, it can serve but two purposes: it can give a man a place for his watch and his fountain pen (it generally has pockets) and it can keep a man warm in winter. But it is not beautiful.

The coat, according to custom, is worn over the vest and under the overcoat. Some men prefer to eliminate the undercoat entirely and wear only the heavier and longer coat commonly called the topcoat or overcoat. These men belong to the poorer classes, or the forgotten classes—men who spend most of their time on park benches and along railroad tracks. Members of respectable society must always wear the undercoat no matter how great the cost in money and comfort. It must appear a strange garment indeed to one looking down from Mars or the moon. Instead of covering the upper part of the torso and then stopping, it runs half way down to the knees like the shirt, thereby encircling a man

in much useless and wasted material. The top part is folded over into what are known as lapels so that the necktie and three inches of shirt may be exposed to the gaze of fellow members of society. Two, sometimes three, buttons fasten the coat in the front and if these buttons are left open the two parts of the coat which come together will flop like wings at the slightest provocation. On the other hand, if the buttons are always fastened nothing can be seen of what is beneath the buttons. The coat is not beautiful.

The trousers make up the last article of clothing affected by the man, and little need be said—indeed, little can be said in their favor. They incase the legs in much the manner of the straight jacket, forbidding all freedom of action in games that demand rigorous exercise of the legs, and prohibiting ease and comfort in positions assumed for relaxation. While the style of trousers is not quite as bad as it was some 100 years ago when men wore tight-fitting pants that in pictures look like leggings with straps on the bottom encircling the arches of the feet, still they are bad enough. The trousers must be pressed in the front and in the back. By that we mean, a hot iron must create a razor-like edge up and down each leg. No one has yet figured out the significance of this, or the reason why men do not have their trousers pressed down the side instead.

In men's formal apparel only the

most elemental colors are allowed. White for the shirt, dark blue or brown for the suit, a bit of gray here and there, if the occasion when that color is to be worn is not too formal and if not too many people will see it. The more glorious the occasion the more somber the color. Thus at balls, dances, coming-out parties and the like, men must dress in black like undertakers. Only in the backwoods and at summer resorts can a man use his imagination on his clothes.

A solution can be found only in study and deep thought by those capable of study and deep thought. The group would not be large, but sufficiently large to bring about a reformation in what needs so sorely to be reformed. Let them place the art of adorning the human body on a par with the art of painting and sculptoring and building churches. Let them take what is best in the clothes as they are designed today, and from that meager foundation build up a style that does not shift with every moving picture, but which will be permanent and universal insofar as it represents the ideal, the beautiful. Certainly there must be some artists in the world sufficiently equipped for this task. I do not think we shall find them in Hollywood, for beauty cannot very well be divorced from religion. They will come from some unknown corner, and they will be dreamers, and artists, and perhaps saints.

We're All Marxists Now!

By ERIK VON KUHNELT-LEDDIHN

The run of regular fellows

Condensed from *Colosseum**

About ten years ago I began to realize how utterly materialistic the mentality of our middle classes is. Certainly most persons would fly into a rage if openly accused of professing Marxian views. There are few Socialists left in Europe apart from the extreme North and West. Even parlor-pinkism is losing ground slowly in our white civilization—except in America. But the downfall of Socialism unfortunately did not mean the end of that human-inhuman monster, the economic being, buyer, seller, consumer, saver, money-earner, spender, comfort-craver, reader of advertisements, prospective customer, manufacturer, dealer, compromiser, described and prophesied by Karl Marx.

Generally America (and England) are accused of being predominantly economically minded, but the ravages caused by a century of rampant materialism in continental Europe are not less impressive. The rise of new political forms, which give so little liberty to the individual person and such great economic security to the vast majority, can indeed only be explained by the preceding century-old domination of materialism, the establishment of a large commercial middle class, and the decline of Church influence on daily

life. How many fathers did I not find in Catholic countries, who admonished their sons to make by all means a "success of their lives," i.e., to increase their bank accounts. "Fascism" or "Communism" for these sons of liberal-materialistic businessmen is often nothing else but an issue of jobs and income. Certainly this is not European tradition: the early Christians were glad to serve as food for lions and crocodiles; heretics and Catholics from the 16th and 17th century, by resisting the stake and gallows, will never be forgotten by mankind; the aristocrats of France defying the revolutionary leaders certainly knew how to die for the ideals of a past age. The times of large-scale *voluntary* emigrations have come to an end; "plebiscites" in favor of those in power show usually 99%; oaths of allegiance are given in the rhythm of the running-board. People are far more upset by the fear of losing their old-age pension than by the prospect of eternal damnation or by the loss of their proper self-respect (which they probably never possessed).

Some people will try to argue that there has never been such poverty in this world as now. Nothing is less true than that. His Excellency Herr

*31 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4, England. April-June, 1939.

von Goethe lived in quarters which would not even suit a European worker today. We are far richer at present than three or four centuries ago, but we have ten to 20 times more material *demands* and earthly *ambitions*. The spiritual hunger for sanctity and the intellectual craving for truth, have subsided to a base ambition for a naked material and financial security. There are actually few men in many parts of Europe with whom by older standards we should be honored by shaking hands. The changes of the last 20 years have shown a simply gigantic amount of immorality and disloyalty. I know government employees and officers in Hungary, Germany, Austria, Slovakia, Poland, Yugoslavia, Bohemia who have given their oath of allegiance to three, four or even five governments of often diametrically opposing ideas. Cowardice and hypocrisy are rapidly increasing. In that connection I will never forget a divorced and re-married Britisher, who attacked Hitler's foreign policy heavily. "He's broken all treaties," he said. "He is not a gentleman." Yet Hitler had, after all, never pledged himself to the postwar treaties; his accuser, on the other side, had sworn life-long fidelity to a woman before the altar. This word he had broken, and his State had given him facilities to perpetuate his state of sin by granting him a second "marriage-license," and so had endorsed the breach of his word. Society, government and politics in

Europe are undoubtedly in a terrible moral crisis, which is the result of the victory of materialism. The words of the Russian writer, Vassili Rozanov, in his *Apokalypsis of Our Time* still hold good: "The innermost cause of the recent events is the fact that gigantic cavities, originating from vanishing Christianity, came into existence in the European humanity; today everything tumbles down into these cavities."

What I said of central Europe is even more true of Protestant Europe and to a still increased extent even of America. Only these regions of the white culture which, thanks to their proximity of Asia and Africa (like the Iberic and Balkanic peninsulas), have been less exposed to "progress" and industrial civilization, form an exception. There are still some real men left in the Tyrolean mountains, among the Spanish requetés and the Macedonian brigands, and of course many of the European peasants have kept their medieval decency.

From the point of view of character and material disinterestedness the intellectuals rank beside the politicians on the lowest level. This is probably true of most countries. Intellectual materialism is not only prevailing among medical authorities, professors of physics and chemistry, engineers and economists—where you would expect it—but even amongst historians. Most historians will agree that economic conditions are the most important factors

in determining the course of history.

A few weeks after my first arrival in America I sat at a dinner table next to a young teacher of a fashionable girls' school. She had her degree from one of the great colleges in the East and discussed with me the historic approach at length. It didn't take me a long time to realize that my fair neighbor belonged to the vast ranks of unconscious Marxists. "Are you really convinced that the crusades were fought for material reasons?" I asked her. "Are you entirely sure that the foreign policy of Philip II was not determined by religious reasons?" There she hesitated. She did not try to convince me that Venetian bankers had invested so many thousand dollars in shipbuilding or that Philip had designs on English coal mines, but she brought forward the War of Succession and the World War, which had far fewer economic causes than one supposes over here. "I agree with you," she said, "that people actually fought wars for religious or similar reasons. But since then we have *progressed* a good deal, and *now* certainly all politics are based on economic reasons." The italics are mine. My answer was very simple. "We differ radically on the issue of progress," I replied. "First of all I don't believe in progress; and, secondly, in a war I rather prefer to cut somebody's throat because he is a heretic than because he has a larger bank account. You might call me a bigot

or a fanatic but I would decidedly resent being called a burglar or robber!" It is needless to say that everybody overhearing my remark was deeply shocked.

Some time has elapsed since, but I can't help remembering this conversation very frequently. This young educator had expressed the belief that it is progressive (i. e. superior and more "commonsensical") to evaluate life by its material aspects. This boils down to the general belief that engineers, steelworkers, automobile designers and doctors are far more "useful" than, let us say, a Carmelite friar; that the last 100 years which decidedly are the nadir in the history of the white race, are far superior to the Middle Ages which lacked efficient banking and women like Dr. Stopes or Mrs. Sanger.

Yet, it ought to be obvious that the truth is diametrically opposed to that wrong aspect; what seems to be "progress" is nothing but decay, and decay is so very often extremely similar to the primitive origins. Old people in extreme ages take up sometimes a child-like attitude, over-intellectualized nations return to the tactics of cavemen. The excessive materialism so typical of super-industrialized countries is nothing but an attitude of animals; animals do not fight for religion, for political philosophies or other cultural issues, they just fight for food or sex, for meat, grazing fields, bones or the possession of a female.

The admiration of material wealth and material success is not Christian, but a heritage of Calvin. The blind belief that God will give to the righteous man a generous reward in dollars and cents is a bleak and pagan pessimism full of bitterness. This new revelation has nevertheless not become universally accepted in the western world; it is an affair of a few intellectuals. This knowledge was, on the other hand, general in the Catholic world and a healthy sceptical attitude towards our earthly well-being has always prevailed in southern and eastern Europe. Claudel in his play *L'Otage* gives an ending to that drama which must be truly revolting to a materialist, i. e., to a man who thinks that the great human trial will be concluded in this world; Claudel rewards all the villains and punishes his heroes. Yet there is *no* pessimism in that play. It merely embodies the genuine Catholic contempt for world success in the shadow of the immensity of an eternal life.

This difference of attitude towards the various aspects of life makes it sometimes extremely difficult to offer a comprehensible explanation of political events in Europe to Anglo-Saxons. I never feel at a loss describing Communism to English, American or Scandinavian audiences; Communism is, after all, a materialistic and commercial political philosophy which has purely social and financial aims. The "vocabulary" used by Communists is the

same as that of Wall Street and every average middle-class family. Communists want to guarantee jobs and raise salaries; they want to improve sanitation and to fight "superstition"; they nevertheless want people to believe in the superstition of "progress" and a Utopia of perfect comfort and happiness A. D., 2500. Communists are practical and "commonsensible." They want more education, more hospitals, kindness to animals, cancer campaigns, bigger and better roads, faster communications, automobiles for every citizen, and larger production. Communism will therefore have an appeal even to "rugged individualists" when it promises them security; it will have a terrific appeal to materialists of the more collectivistic brand. Communism is explainable to every "average man" of the industrialized world, explainable and therefore acceptable.

It is less easy to make Germany understood, though it is not a hopeless task. Southerners resent the idea of sharing their social life with Negroes; hotels sometimes display a sign "For Gentiles Only," and it was a privilege of American legislation to have issued the first racial laws by barring the Asiatic immigration at the end of the 19th century.

Spain, on the other side, is only comprehensible to people with an inner understanding for the essence of Catholicism. The Spanish mind, the Spanish culture are so utterly unmate-

rialistic that our unconscious Marxians are at a complete loss to understand the country which defended Europe from the three great attacks of Mohammedanism, Protestantism and Bolshevism. No honest effort on the part of "neutral observers" has ever been made in this country to understand the underlying philosophy of the movements backing up Franco. Certainly Catholicism is something you can only understand if it becomes a part of your life experience; it cannot be understood from the outside. The "regular fellow" originating from a non-Catholic culture will not now, or ever be, in the position to understand, for instance, an institution of the sort of the Royal Academy of Science Knowledge in Franco-Spain which was recently re-constituted. The members rendered their oath on the Bible and a copy of Cervantes' *Don Quixote*. Secretary-General of the Academy is Eugenio d'Ors, famous lay-interpreter of the theology of angels! The "average man," unable to see any sense in Spanish cul-

ture and civilization, will therefore dismiss the idea that Franco and his followers are fighters for a Spanish and Christian-European tradition against the invasion of barbaric 20th century ideas—in his abysmal ignorance he will style Franco merely a puppet of "the dictators" and leave it at that.

The headway which Communist propaganda has made amongst the "higher" classes of the predominantly Protestant countries, and the complete failure to make the cause of Catholic Spain understood by our fellow Christians, is a sign that Marxism and materialism are already deeply inrooted in our civilization which once used to be Christian. When the craving for comfort and security are stronger than the love for liberty—and we can see that in a not too distant future—Communism will have won the full battle. The "regular fellows" of the whole world will then unite in a great rugged collectivism to wipe out true Christianity from the face of this long-suffering earth!



The Equality of Man

An English traveler, arriving at Séville, offered a Spaniard five pesetas to carry a bag. After going a short distance, the Spaniard put down the bag and said it was not worth carrying for five pesetas. The Englishman offered him ten, and the journey was resumed. After a while the Spaniard again put down the bag and began fumbling in his pocket. He produced 20 pesetas, said he really could not carry the bag any farther, and would the Englishman accept the 20 pesetas and carry the bag himself.

D. W. in the [London] *Tablet* (18 March '39).

The Religion of Dickens

Vision of one in blue

By ALFRED NOYES

Condensed from the *Tablet**

During a great part of his life, if Dickens had been asked to what religious body he was nearest, he would probably have replied, the Church of England. But the Anglican Church did not satisfy him, and—for a short time—he attended a Unitarian place of worship, only to find that this was a move in the wrong direction, since it would carry him further away from that one Figure in whom he felt that God had been revealed to man.

Dickens was not a philosopher or scientific thinker. He was an artist of amazing insight into certain elements of human character. Like most great artists, whose task is not to analyze, but to make cosmos out of chaos, he arrived at his own synthesis by flashes of intuitive perception, rather than by reasoning. Incidentally, it may be remarked that, even in science, most of the really great constructive generalizations have been achieved in the same way. But, if Dickens had been pinned down and asked to state his belief with reasons, the visionary glow would probably have been lost, and he might have worded his reply in terms as agnostical as those of a report on contemporary religious beliefs by a committee of modernists.

When he is caught at his most deep-

ly stirred and deeply moving moments he has no reservations, and the incarnation of God becomes for him the central fact of human history, the fact through which alone the meaning of the universe is brought into focus for the human mind.

One of these moments occurs at the end of the *Tale of Two Cities*, which is built up like a great musical symphony round the haunting repetition of that super-human sentence, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." It is a sentence out of, and above, the order of nature—a supernatural sentence; and it is with the fullest sense of this that Dickens uses it, in one of the very greatest chapters of English literature.

Dickens had perhaps a keener sense of the value of the individual human soul than has been shown by any other English writer. Shakespeare, for instance, was interested in outstanding characters; but he had little real compassion for the multitude. The value of the individual human soul is one of the obvious logical bases for the Christian doctrine of the incarnation.

With this predisposition, therefore, Dickens might have been powerfully drawn to the Catholicism in which those values are so carefully guarded. But it is clear that what may be called

*39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4, England. May 20, 1939.

the accidents of Catholicism too often inhibited his approach to the substance. When he was in Italy (and how amazingly good some of his Italian impressions are, especially those of Genoa, Venice, Rome, and the little guide at Bologna) it was only too often the irrelevant superstitious accretions that caught his observant eye. It is far more a characteristic of the Puritan than of the Catholic, to refuse a smile to some of those weaknesses; and, certainly, Catholics must find it difficult not to sympathize with some of his intensely humorous descriptions (of the gentleman who surreptitiously used an umbrella, for instance, to hoist himself up the Scala Santa).

It would not be right or wise to dwell on the remarkable incident to which I am about to come, as the real point of this article, unless this rationalistic daylight attitude of Dickens were made quite clear. Indeed, it makes the incident itself all the more remarkable, if it be prefaced by his own description of the old Italian peasant—Antonio—who tried to convert him, while three cows munched at the vine leaves.

"Antonio and his son, two burnt-sienna natives, with naked legs and feet," slept with the cows and wore, each, a shirt, a pair of trousers, and a red sash, "with a relic, or some sacred charm like the bon-bon off a twelfth cake, hanging round the neck . . . the old man is very anxious to convert me

to the Catholic faith, and exhorts me frequently. We sit upon a stone by the door, sometimes in the evening, like Robinson Crusoe and Friday reversed; and he generally relates, towards my conversion, an abridgment of the history of St. Peter—chiefly, I believe, from the unspeakable delight he has in his imitation of the cock."

Those were daylight impressions; and they are quoted here, because as I said above, they make a certain incident of his life at Genoa all the more remarkable. It was an incident which, as Forster said, exhibited "aspirations of a more solemn import that were not less a part of his nature." They rested, Forster tells us, on a belief which was kept safe "against all doubt or question of its sacredness," and "every year seemed to strengthen it in him."

The incident is recorded in a letter to Forster, in which Dickens describes, first, "a curious dream"; and then, with an unusual self-distrust, asks his correspondent almost anxiously to tell him what he thinks of it. The word "vision," rather than dream, is on the tip of his tongue, but he does not dare to utter it; and, indeed, I would lay particular stress on this peculiar and anxiously questioning note in the letter itself, for it seems to me one of the really remarkable psychological features of the whole story.

On a certain night in September, 1844, Dickens had been lying awake, tormented by a severe attack of

rheumatism. After many hours of pain, he fell asleep, and "dreamed this dream."

"In an indistinct place, which was quite sublime in its indistinctness, I was visited by a spirit. I could not make out the face, nor do I recollect that I desired to do so. It wore a blue drapery, as the Madonna might in a picture by Raphael, and bore no resemblance to anyone I have known, except in stature. I think (but I am not sure) that I recognized the voice. I was not at all afraid, but in a great delight, so that I wept very much, and stretching out my arms to it called it 'Dear.'

"It was so full of compassion and sorrow for me, which I knew spiritually, for, as I have said, I didn't perceive its emotions by its face—that it cut me to the heart; and I said, sobbing, 'Oh, give me some token that you have really visited me.' 'Form a wish!' it said. I thought, reasoning with myself, 'if I form a wish it will vanish.' So I hastily discarded such hopes and anxieties of my own as came into my mind."

He then tells how he asked if a relative might be extricated from certain distresses, and received the answer "yes."

"But answer me one other question!" I said, in an agony of entreaty lest it should leave me. "What is the true religion?"

"As it paused a moment without re-

plying, I said—Good God, in such an agony of haste, lest it should go away!—"You think, as I do, that the form of religion does not so greatly matter, if we try to do good?" 'Or', I said, observing that it still hesitated, and was moved with the greatest compassion for me, 'perhaps the Roman Catholic is the best? Perhaps it makes us think of God oftener, and believe in Him more steadily?'

"For *you*," said the spirit, full of such heavenly tenderness for me, that I felt as if my heart would break, 'for *you* it is the best.' Then I awoke, with the tears running down my face. It was just dawn. I called up Kate, and repeated it three or four times over, that I might not unconsciously make it plainer or stronger afterwards. It was exactly this."

In an earlier passage that I have omitted, Dickens says that he felt certain that the spirit of his dream was a near and dear relative. But there are touches in his account which suggest that he was mistaken in this. One may again stress the remarkable psychological fact that Dickens seems to be unaware of the suggestion (conveyed by many details of his account) that a deeper and more sacred relationship was involved.

His further anxious discussion of what he was to think about it, in case his wish was fulfilled, closes with the most searching question, "I wonder whether I should regard it as a dream,

or an actual vision?"

A remarkable point is this: the person whom Dickens thought he recognized in this dream or apparition was the dead daughter of the woman relative for whom he formed the wish. But Dickens observes, almost as a curious inhibition, that speaking to the supposed daughter, he could not call the object of the wish "your mother." Why?

Perhaps the answer is unconsciously given by Dickens himself earlier. Perhaps the sentence about the subject of a painting by Raphael was truer than he knew, and the real key to the relationship, and to those depths of compassion was only discoverable in the world-embracing vision of Dante:

*Virgin mother, daughter of thy Son,
lowly and uplifted more than any creature . . . in thee compassion dwells.*



Wizardry of Prejudice

You have noticed in the newspapers the elaborate ceremonial of approach, presentation, retreat and exit of all those honored with an invitation to receptions by their Majesties of Great Britain during their visit to Washington. It all belongs in the ritual of meeting English sovereigns. And the people of the U. S. do not see any setback to democracy in the regal ceremonial. By contrast, when it is mentioned that some prominent American Catholic kissed the Papal ring during an audience with Pope Pius XII, the American democratic conscience is shocked. Photographers wait hours for the moment when some Catholic in political life kisses a bishop's ring. That act, too, is undemocratic; whereas it brings a lyric gasp of wonder when some American lady of ancient lineage and false upper teeth bows to the Queen, and when a heavy-set American businessman in short breeches is presented to the King. To kiss the ring of the Servant of the Servants of God is a surrender of American independence to a foreign sovereign. To bow deep to a British Queen is one minute in the heaven of heavens. Prejudice is a master magician. He makes white appear black, black white by changing the focus of vision from Buckingham Palace to Vatican City.

The Ave Maria (27 May '39).



Upon Request

Binders, which will hold six copies of the CATHOLIC DIGEST neatly, may be had at this address at 75 cents each.

The Menace of Propaganda

We are still gullible

Condensed from the *Preservation of the Faith**

To understand the danger of war propaganda, we must get a few things straight. According to the view of the Allied Powers, and that is the view America accepted in the war days, the Germans were a nation of insane militarists. Under the leadership of a "fiend," Kaiser William, these Germans deliberately provoked the World War, invaded helpless Belgium, and attacked poor, defenseless, bleeding France.

Now nearly all reputable historians hold the "revisionist" position with regard to the World War. They have presented conclusive evidence indicating that Germany was tricked into the World War, a war which both France and Russia had wanted for years. Indeed, M. Sazanov, Russian Foreign Minister, who was very much responsible for stirring up the World War, admitted later that "Russia and France were determined for war." Diplomatic correspondence now available clearly shows the frantic efforts of the Kaiser to prevent Russia's mobilization. It also shows how the militarists of Russia forced the Czar to proceed with the mobilization. Once Russian mobilization began, Germany *had* to mobilize. Russia held the key. Had she preferred to watch and wait, the World War would never have flared into existence,

at least not as soon as it did in 1914.

As for the "Hunnish" invasion of Belgium, our condemnation of Germany is tempered when we know now that for at least three years prior to the World War, France had planned a similar invasion. France finally rejected this proposed invasion of Belgium only because France felt it would alienate British sympathy.

And when we realize that, in 1914, the French army consisted of 910,000 men, the German of 870,000; that while Germany and Austria spent \$420,133,850 for arms in 1914, Russia France and England spent \$1,337,259,735 for military purposes, we can see how empty was the plea of the Allies that they were unprepared and defenseless. We hold no brief for the Imperial German Government, or the Government of Germany today. All we want to point out is that these facts must be recognized. Now watch the war-like develop in England. Today is no time for hysteria.

On July 27, 1914, the London *Daily Telegraph* held that, "The real pivot of the situation lies primarily in St. Petersburg." Two days later, the London *Times* spoke of the "pacific leanings" of the Kaiser. Then the Austro-Servian hostilities commenced. The *Daily Telegraph* suddenly discovered,

*Holy Trinity Heights, Silver Spring, Md. June, 1939.

on July 29, that the Kaiser held "the issues of European policy in the hollow of his hand."

But the war propaganda had not yet commenced in earnest, for on August 3, the Manchester *Guardian* expressed a deep love for the "highly cultured" German people, referring to the fact that "Our two peoples have maintained unbroken peace since their earliest history." By August 7, the temperature began to rise. Mr. H. G. Wells, writing in the *Daily Chronicle*, exclaimed, "Every sword drawn against Germany is a sword drawn for peace. The defeat of Germany may open the way to disarmament and peace throughout the earth." Hostile alliances, to use a phrase of Leo XIII, made Europe a "forest of bayonets."

By August 14, the "holy war" against Prussian militarism was in full swing. The thermometer burst late in August, 1914. Atrocity stories, foul pictures, denunciations, and wild tales filled the Allied press. No wonder that the London *Daily News*, on September 26, could convince its readers that "We are fighting the common enemy of humanity." Even that grand old figure, Gilbert K. Chesterton, was denouncing "these veneered vandals." England went mad within one month.

Do you not see in countless editorials and cartoons today a gospel of hate piled upon hate even in spite of a united will toward peace?

When the World War broke out,

both the Central and Allied Powers commenced their propaganda in America. Wars are fought not only at the battle front, but at home to preserve morale, and in other countries to win allies.

The German propaganda in America continually blundered. In fact, the Germans had no propaganda of any value. To be effective, a war propaganda must be subtle. The real propaganda was that directed by the British Government. No one ever suspected them. And they were tremendously successful.

In 1914, all but one cable between America and Europe was British controlled. The British cut that one cable at once. Thenceforth, every bit of news that came to America was British news. The news printed in our newspapers and magazines was not news at all. *It was Allied propaganda.* It was monstrous. But that is war. The propagandists pull the strings.

Not satisfied with this, the British saw to it that British newspapermen were writing for American newspapers. For instance, Frederick William Wile, a well-known anti-German reporter, was employed by the London *Daily News*, by the New York *Times*, and by the Chicago *Tribune*. Examples could be multiplied.

The first seed planted in the American mind was Germany's absolute war guilt. Second, the emotions were stirred by the most ghastly reports of

German atrocities in Belgium and France. Finally, by playing up so-called German ambitions to dominate the world, they appealed to our fear of invasion.

With regard to the atrocity stories, let us never forget that five eminent American journalists, Lewis, Cobb, Hansen, Bennett, and McCutcheon, later investigated the atrocity stories. They reported that, "We unanimously declare the stories of German cruelties were untrue." A Commission by the Pope to investigate atrocities could not find a single case. It was *all a lie*.

Here is an actual example of how atrocity stories are manufactured. Each news item listed derives from the preceding item.

Cologne, *Gazette*: "When the fall of Antwerp got known, the church bells were rung."

Paris, *Le Matin*: "According to the Cologne *Gazette*, the clergy of Antwerp were compelled to ring the church bells when the fortress was taken."

London, *Times*: "According to what *Le Matin* has heard from Cologne, the Belgian priests who refused to ring the church bells when Antwerp was taken have been driven away from their places."

Rome, *Corriere della Sera*: "The unfortunate Belgian priests who refused to ring the church bells when Antwerp was taken have been sentenced to hard labor."

Paris, *Le Matin*: "It is confirmed that the barbaric conquerors of Antwerp punished the unfortunate Belgian priests for their heroic refusal to ring the church bells by hanging them as live clappers to the bells with their heads down."

Then this first-class atrocity story came to the U. S.!

Sir Parker Gilbert, who claims to have directed the British propaganda in the U. S., tells us that the British influenced our moving pictures, and deluged the country with books, leaflets, and magazines. They arranged for lectures, debates, and speeches by *American citizens*.

First, the British propagandists convinced us intellectually. Then they excited our emotions. Finally, they made us fear an invasion by "these barbarians." Out of that came a burning "patriotic" upsurge.

Yet Woodrow Wilson, in his war message to Congress, April 7, 1917, said: "One of the things that has served to convince us that the Prussian autocracy was not and could never be our friend is that from the very outset of the present war it has filled our unsuspecting communities, and even our offices of government, with spies."

Some time ago Mr. Richard Deverall, writing in the *Preservation of the Faith*, called our attention to many of these facts. After a careful study of Catholic newspapers and periodicals during the period of 1914-1918 he

wrote: "It was simply appalling to pile through those now yellowed papers and magazines, noting how effective was the Allied propaganda. To its credit, *America*, the Jesuit weekly, the week before the war broke out, observed that all our news came from England."

From the study made it is safe to say that with few exceptions, every Catholic publication in America of national importance from 1915 on, was strongly pro-Ally. The atrocity stories were front page leaders. German war guilt was accepted as revealed truth. The point is that Catholics can be exploited by war propagandists and it is a menace which we must vigilantly guard against. We cite a few examples from the Catholic press:

September, 1915: "The war burst like a thunderbolt over sleeping France. For France not only did not wish war; she did not expect it."

September, 1916: "During the first two years of the war, the Allies have been fighting to gain time to make those preparations in the way of munitions and armaments in which for 40

years the Germans have been occupied."

March, 1918: "Americans should be alive to the fact that the spirit of the principles for which they are fighting has its origin in the principles of Christianity."

December, 1918: "The great World War is ended. The victory we fought and prayed for has come. Peace reigns and it is a peace worth the fighting, a peace that will bear untold fruit for the welfare of mankind. We are thankful that our country entered this war which really was fought for the democracy of the world."

The lesson is clear enough. War-madness poisons even the minds of Catholics, who should above all men be leaders in the peace movement. We are amazed as we go over this study and profoundly moved when we recall the words of Pius XI back in his first encyclical in 1922. "We behold with sorrow society lapsing back slowly, but surely, unto a state of barbarism." We pray God to arrest this decline, to spare His people, to scatter those nations who want war.



Religion and Science

The people who hope to get rich by supplying the Spaniards with machinery will snarl when they hear of the traditional Spanish substitute for hourglass egg-timers. It is to say two Paternosters for a lightly-boiled egg, three for a hard-boiled egg.

D. W. in the [London] *Tablet* (13 May '39).

Vocation in Harlem

Surface gets scratched

By G. A. ZOELLNER, C.M.

Condensed from the *Vincentian**

Were it told in fairy tale style, the story would go like this: "Once upon a time, there lived a little girl in a strange land. She was a very lucky girl—so everyone thought, for she lived on a large and beautiful estate. She was born a Baroness, you see, in a family who belonged to the nobility of her country. But those who knew, said the Baroness was born at a bad time. Those who knew were right, too. When she was only 17, a revolution burst upon the land. Murderous men killed more than 40 of her relatives. She was imprisoned with her family on their own estate! There they were, all condemned to die of hunger. For 18 days the young Baroness lived on bread and water. Then a lucky thing happened—she made her escape into a free country. Oddly enough, she made up her mind to live among the poor and neglected people and tried to forget all that had happened. To this very day she is doing that. And she has been happy ever since."

But the surprising thing about this fairy tale is that it is true! The "fairy princess" is a real Baroness. Her name is Catherine de Hueck. The strange land is Russia.

Baroness Catherine de Hueck was

born in Russia in 1900. She was one of a large family whose father had been a Colonel in a crack Russian regiment but now was a diplomat for his country. She was but 17 when the Communist Revolution broke loose in all its fury. After brutally murdering a large number of the Russian nobility, the Communists conceived the inhuman thought of starving to death the entire family in which the Baroness was a child. It must be remembered that, at the same time, Russia was also in the throes of a civil war. This proved fortunate for the de Hueck family, for the war destroyed the savage plan of the Communists. The Baroness escaped into Canada by way of England. Her mother and two brothers, all that is left of the family, made their home in Belgium.

Arrived in Canada, absolutely penniless, the Baroness eventually found employment as a maid. Shortly after that she came to America and played the role of "Tillie the Toiler," as she laughingly refers to herself. She worked at everything from ironing sheets in a laundry at \$8 a week, to being manager for a lecture bureau at \$125 a week. She remained in this position until 1928 when her brother could assume the responsibility of the

*1605 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo. June, 1939.

family. In that year she "kissed the pay check a resounding good-bye," as she states it, and went to take up training as a nurse in a Canadian hospital.

But when the Baroness had completed her hospital training a new idea unfolded itself. The Pope calls for Catholic Action. All right, Catholic Action it shall be. Why not extend the Pope's definition of it into a lay vocation? The idea of it was appealing. It was presented to the Archbishop of Toronto. The Archbishop blessed the notion and with that blessing the Baroness began her "strange vocation." Things started. The Archbishop himself had an assignment: "Survey the slums of Toronto. We have lost 28,000 Catholics to Communism in this diocese. Why?" A momentous assignment, that. But it would be an acid test for the vocation. The Baroness moved into those slums. She lived with the poor. She talked with them. Worked with them. Watched them. After nine months she had a report ready—96 pages of it. The gist of it was simply this: "Your Communists are not born, they are made by hypocritical Christians, Catholics included." The Archbishop did not smile, for it was not a smiling matter. Was there a remedy? If so, would the Baroness suggest it? Yes: "Four walls and people in love with God who will be ready to live in the slums and accept insecurity for the love of God—and by just being there, prove the existence of the

mystical Body of Christ." Strange remedy? Perhaps. But it worked. It led to the opening of the first "Friendship House."

They have since become very famous, these Friendship Houses. "Friendship," muses the Baroness, "is the keynote of the work; friendship based on love of God and through it love of men." The beginning of a Friendship House is always a humble one. Perhaps, as in Toronto, only three little rooms are rented in the slums. That is a start. The Baroness and her volunteers begin their cleaning and painting campaign. Curious children wander in from the street to see what is taking place. Adults are curious, too, and soon they come to see. The doors are thrown open to all. Unfortunately, most of them have heard nothing about God or His Church. Or, if they have, it has been only in a vague sort of way. Religious discussions invariably start things off. One of the rooms finds itself set aside for instruction classes. Contributions of magazines, books, clothes, food begin to trickle in. Friendship House becomes a rendezvous for those who are seeking light and truth and advice and help. Soon more space is needed. Shall another house be taken over—on nothing but the trust of God? "We would take a whole block on the trust of God!" Friendship House spreads. Food and shelter are provided for the tired, the homeless, the wanderer. The idea has

"clicked" and Friendship House is now definitely a permanent fixture in the neighborhood.

When the Toronto House was established, the Archbishop of Ottawa asked the Baroness to open one in Ottawa. Then one was opened in Montreal. Then in Hamilton. The "strange vocation" had passed its test with colors flying.

With the permission of her Bishop, she started for Harlem, the most populous 40 city blocks in the world, where live 300,000 Negroes. What a receptive ground indeed for the poisonous seed of Communism, where one out of every three is unemployed, where the people are poor, where living conditions are indescribable, where the moral environment is lamentable.

With her she brought all her possessions, one suitcase, \$3, and a typewriter. She rented a little one room flat for less than \$1 a day, and this she called "home." There she was. One white person in the midst of a whole sea of colored ones—two miles of black area reaching out in each direction.

The janitor unknowingly supplied her with a bed for the first four nights by presenting her a stack of New York *Times*. But humble prayers do not go unanswered and contributions slowly began to filter in: a couch, then draperies, a lamp, desk, table, and "even the luxury of a telephone (AUD. 3-0219) with the bill paid each month."

The one room apartment now "boasts of being a kitchen, laundry, dining room, bedroom, living room, business office, library, reception room, and clothes room." You might be inclined to wonder why the Baroness lives this way. She could be living in the higher brackets of society, if she wanted to. The Baroness explains: "When I first started to talk about social justice in Harlem, Leftists told me that it was all very well for me with my 'Park Avenue apartment' and 'well-stocked larder' to talk against Communism, but that if I had to live the way they lived, I would soon be as Red as they were. I attribute whatever success I have had in Harlem to the fact that I was able to tell them at once that I knew the way they lived because I lived that way myself."

When the Baroness came to Harlem, scarcely more than a year ago, three things were uppermost in her mind: to help the Negro youth, to build up a Catholic library for everyone, to adopt effective means of spreading Catholic doctrine. A big order? Undoubtedly. Impossible? Not for the Baroness. To some, of course, the idea seemed absurd, foolish. "What can one small organization do for the overwhelming problem of some 300,000 Harlemites? The surface can hardly be scratched!" She agreed with that, wholeheartedly. Suppose, though, that it were at least scratched. What then? As usual, the Baroness was right. She

has watched that scratch on the surface deepen. Unostentatiously, Harlem's Friendship House, like Topsy, "just grew" up. What began with a simple unfurnished apartment has extended itself into a Catholic Youth Organization numbering some 400; a recreation center for the children; libraries for children, adolescents, and adults; a workers' school; and study clubs. "Thanks be to God," muses the Baroness, "I knew it could be done. The blessing has proven fruitful, as such blessings must, for they are God's."

The Baroness will strive toward anything that gives promise of building up new hope in the minds of Harlem's future leaders. If it be only a breath of clean, wholesome, country air—rare treat for youth living in a tuberculosis-infested district—it is well worth the attainment. Through an appeal made by the Baroness last summer many little boys and girls were sent to country camps for an all too brief but healthy vacation. Then, too, there is the unemployment situation. Although she has been successful in placing many young people through her "unofficial unemployment bureau," the feat is a difficult one. She will tell you how one lad explains it: "I have to know twice as much as a white boy to get a job only half as good as his." But the Baroness, unperturbed, continues trying for her "beloved young boys and girls."

Yet another happy thought that was quickly developed was this. A picnic in Harlem that is not Communistic, it is said, is an extraordinary event. But the Baroness said, "We shall have picnics that are not Communistic." Quietly, she arranged outings for the members, "picnic pilgrimages" she liked to call them. They were skillfully arranged to be also of spiritual value. To accomplish this, "pilgrimages" were made by busses, begged for the occasion, to the Vincentian Seminary at Princeton, New Jersey, and to Graymoor, Franciscan Monastery of the Atonement, in the Catskill Mountains. These were days of physical happiness and spiritual refreshment for the young colored folks; for the seminarians, days of definite interest and extraordinary entertainment.

The growth of the "Blessed Martin de Porres Social Center," as it has affectionately become known, has been the object of widespread amazement. Those who declared nothing more could be achieved than the "scratching of the surface" are bowing their heads in the presence of what has transpired. More than that, they are giving the Baroness a helping hand. To be specific, they are helping her to send 800 colored children into the country for a camping vacation this summer!

Should you ever be so fortunate as to come into contact with the Baroness, you will probably not be told of the 40 or more relatives that were killed,

nor will you be shown the bullet wound in her hand, but you will almost surely be asked this favor: "Will you pray for one intention of mine, that daily I should learn to love God

more? For the base of all our works and the works of the countless multitudes that devote their life to Him is, after all, love of Him, and that is the dream of my life, to grow in it."



St. Joseph's Corn

By ARTHUR C. BROMIRSKI

Condensed from *St. Joseph Magazine**

Eliminates 38 days

A new variety of corn has recently been developed by a Catholic priest, Father H. B. Mandelartz, of Bison, Oklahoma.

After having taught biology at Mount Angel Seminary and College, Father Mandelartz returned to find his farmer parishioners confronted by a serious problem. Due to the fact that the summers were growing longer and drier, it was becoming increasingly more difficult for them to raise corn.

Usually it takes about 100 days for corn to mature, but in localities where it is extremely hot and dry the corn is burned up long before it can reach maturity. Such was the case in Oklahoma, which is situated in the heart of the dust bowl. The failure of their corn crops brought many hardships to the farmers who relied on corn for marketing purposes and as a fattening food for livestock.

Father Mandelartz turned his attention to the problem. He saw that there was only one solution: a more rapidly maturing corn, one that would reach full growth in a short time, before the hot summer sun and the lack of moisture could affect it. Others before him had tried to produce such a corn and had failed, but this did not deter Father Mandelartz.

It is a coincidence that the first half of Father Mandelartz's name so closely resembles that of the famous Augustinian priest and scientist, Mendel. For it was the Mendelian law that he applied. Crossing well-known varieties with ancient Indian corn he experimented for six years. Finally he produced this new, rapidly maturing variety.

The new corn is a cross between a type which the Pueblo Indians grow (and which he obtained from a Fran-

*Mt. Angel P. O., St. Benedict, Ore. June, 1939.

ciscan missionary in New Mexico) and a local Oklahoma corn. It has all the qualities of ordinary corn and matures in the amazingly short time of 62 days, thus making it drought and heat proof.

The new product has been named "St. Joseph's Corn" and farmers, not only in Oklahoma, but all over the country, are hailing it as a great contribution to agriculture.



War Orphans in Mexico

We have visited the Spanish children sent by the Red government (of Spain) to Mexico who are now in Morelia. Here are some of the real facts about the situation.

I have photographed these uncared-for children, but photographs don't reveal the sores which cover the bodies of the children as a result of faulty nutrition and lack of medical care and the generally deplorable hygienic, sanitary and moral surroundings of the camp. Nor do they give any indication of the lack of discipline in the place or the practical abandonment of the children to public charity. These little refugees are literally walking the streets. We encountered a little boy of five years of age at 11:30 one night stumbling through a doorway as though he were intoxicated. When we asked him what was the matter he replied that he had a stomach-ache; that he had had nothing to eat except a roll which a man had given him early that morning. The poor child was half covered with a hideous skin disease and his miserable state was truly pitiable. The little girls are just as badly treated and are in addition exposed to abuses which you may easily imagine.

My only reason for writing to you is to ask whether they can possibly be repatriated, or at least sent somewhere else. Having personally investigated their state, I am convinced that it is absolutely necessary for someone to move heaven and earth to get them out of this hell. Talks with many of the children prove that they can be made into normal, decent citizens, which in their present circumstances is an utter impossibility. Unless someone acts soon they will be forever wretched outcasts.

Letter quoted by Everett Nash in *Spain* (1 June '39).

Endless courage

In Hoc Signo

By PHILIP PAUL DANIELS

Condensed from *Coronet**

The labors in Canada of Isaac Jogues, Jesuit priest of invincible courage, rival any tale of horror ever told.

Father Jogues was born in Orleans, France, on Jan. 10, 1607. When he was ten years old, Isaac was entered into the new Jesuit College at Orleans. Seven years later he was admitted into the Society of Jesus at Rouen.

At this time young Jogues was fired with the thought of going to Ethiopia on mission labors. However, in 1629, when he was assigned to teach at the College of Rouen, he met Father Charles Lalemant and Father Brébeuf, both of whom had recently returned from the New World. Jogues became acquainted with them and listened eagerly as they told of the red tribes of America.

When Isaac Jogues was 25 years old his superiors took him from his teaching and sent him to Paris to continue his studies at Clermont College. Not until 1636 was he ordained to the priesthood; in the same year, by virtue of the qualities which he had long displayed as a student and teacher, he was selected to join the missions in Canada.

When Father Jogues arrived in New France, in July of 1636, a chain of six tiny mission stations was already established along the thousand-mile front

from Cape Breton to Lake Huron. To work among the Huron tribes numbering at that time some 20,000 Indians, the Huron Mission had been established. On the 24th of August, 1636, Jogues was sent out from Three Rivers on the St. Lawrence on his first assignment to the Huron Mission.

With his companions the young priest traveled in a frail birch canoe in which he had to sit barefoot in an uncomfortable position and hardly stir, so great was the danger of capsizing. His food was a little Indian corn, crushed between stones and boiled in water without salt. On the journey he slept either on the ground or on some shelf of rocks. Since he could not talk Huron and his guides could not talk French, silence was maintained perforce. After 19 days of arduous travel the party reached Ihonatiria near the Georgian Bay of Lake Huron where five priests were already established. Here Father Jogues was first initiated into the hardships of the Canadian missionary's life.

He began to study the language of the Hurons as the first step toward winning the Indians' confidence. But the Fathers never forgot the purpose for which they had come: they taught the catechism and simple prayers and

*919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. June, 1939.

baptized converts they had instructed.

When disease came to the tribes they fought it as well as they could. In contrast to the local medicine men's barbaric ways of driving devils out of the sick, the few remedies and the many prayers which the priests offered secured surprising results; and as they succeeded in driving out the scourge they succeeded in introducing the tenets of Christian faith. Indeed, Indians from other villages were soon asking for the Fathers to come and help them.

Always in the background, however, was the danger from the Iroquois, most savage perhaps of all the American Indian nations and the bitter enemies of the Algonquins, and incidentally of the French. Furthermore, many of them, from trading with the Dutch, now owned arquebuses.

In 1639 the residence of St. Mary had been established not far from Itonnataria as a central mission for the Huron country. On Sept. 7, 1641, Father Jogues, who spoke Huron now, and Father Raymbault, who spoke Algonquin, were sent to Sault Sainte Marie at the head of Lake Superior. In canoes the two priests made a 250-mile voyage across Lake Huron to meet some 2,000 Indians, assembled to catch whitefish at Sault Sainte Marie, and to plant in these Indians the seeds for a future mission in that country. The Fathers managed to return to St. Mary's before the winter came.

To placate the Iroquois, whom the Jesuits recognized as a dangerous obstacle to all their plans, the French attempted to treat with them. However, in this direction nothing was gained because the Iroquois had no intention of giving up their hereditary feud with the Algonquin peoples.

Now in 1642 Father Jogues left St. Mary's for Quebec to get supplies for the Huron Mission. He lingered only a short time in Quebec and then started on his return journey. Near the islands in the Lake of St. Peter on the St. Lawrence river, Iroquois canoes bore down upon the party. In a short fight the French and Hurons were overpowered and Father Jogues and his companions were taken prisoners.

At this point begins a story which has rarely been equalled in all the bloody history of persecutions and tortures.

The prisoners were taken in a southerly direction toward the Mohawk country. At every village they were compelled to run the gauntlet, that is, to run between two files of Indians armed with sticks and clubs and whips, a kind of diabolical reception reserved for prisoners. At night they were spread-eagled on the ground and bound hand and foot. They were unable to stir, their wounds were left unattended and became putrid; vermin attacked them on all sides.

In addition, they suffered unmerciful beatings. They had their nails torn out

of their fingers, and Father Jogues had several joints of his fingers chewed off by the savage captors. In one village they deliberately sawed off his left thumb. Besides, his old wounds were constantly lacerated to make them pain and bleed afresh, and the hairs of his head and beard were pulled out.

In every way as cruel as their elders were the Indian children, who were encouraged to torment the prisoners by sticking awls into their bodies and by throwing hot coals and cinders on them.

Through all these fiendish tortures Jogues conducted himself as bravely as he could, forever conscious that only by an example of his own fortitude could he hope to win these savages to an appreciation of the Faith.

When the Iroquois had tired of their sport they divided the prisoners among themselves. Jogues was given to several families as a servant and was assigned the task of cutting wood for the fires, a chore ordinarily the Indian woman's.

From August, 1642, until March of 1643 the priest, miraculously triumphing over his wounds and the daily tortures devised for him, lived among the Mohawks. Faith in his mission and an indomitable will kept his mind whole as he was forced to witness tortures inflicted on other captives. As soon as he could he went about his missionary work among his masters as though oblivious to his exceptionally

dangerous and degraded position.

In the spring his captors took him east on one of their trips into the country of the Dutch, who then ruled what was later to become the New York area. By aid of the Dutch commandant at Rensselaerwyck, later Albany, and with the help of a Protestant minister, Jan Megapolensis, an escape was planned. To appease the Mohawks, who charged them with complicity, the Dutch paid a ransom of 300 livres and even then had to keep the priest in hiding for six weeks.

At last, however, he was put on a Dutch vessel and was shipped down the Hudson and out across the ocean. He arrived at the Jesuit College in Rennes on Jan. 5, 1644. So great a change had his cruel experiences wrought in him that his Superior did not recognize him when he appeared.

But he did not remain long in France. In recognition of his services, the Church granted him a special dispensation to say Mass, otherwise canonically impossible because of the mutilations which the Iroquois had inflicted. Then he took ship for New France again, eager to continue his work.

In the meantime the Mohawks had come to Three Rivers and had made their own peace with the French. To ratify the treaty and to found a mission among them—to be appropriately titled "The Mission of the Martyrs"—Jogues was chosen to go into the Iro-

quois country for the second time.

He was successful on the first trip to ratify the treaty. But when, in October of 1646, he returned to the Iroquois country to winter among the savages, he found them hostile toward him. While the cooler heads among the Indians advised caution, others, notably of the Bear clan of the Mohawks, were irate with him because of his escape from them two years before.

Soon Jogues was taken prisoner and the tortures began again, although

some of the Mohawks protested in his favor. Then on the evening of Oct. 18, 1646, he was treacherously struck down and beheaded. His head was impaled on the palisade of the town.

So died Isaac Jogues. Other soldiers of the Cross perhaps accomplished more with their labors. It is, however, difficult to see how any could have displayed greater courage in the face of pitiless foes or could have been more devoted to the purpose of his Faith and his mission.



Franco Was My Pupil

By DORA LEONARD

Forced to inflict . . .

Condensed from the *Cross**

To wake up in the morning and find that one's best pupil has departed in the night to place himself at the head of an army which has risen in protest against misgovernment is surely an experience unique in the annals of language-teaching! It happened to me on the morning of July 18, 1936, when I found the streets of Teneriffe placarded with proclamations of the state of war, and discovered that General Franco who, like his then nine-year-old daughter, had been my pupil for English during his residence there as Mil-

tary Governor, had left us not merely, as the papers had said, to attend the funeral of General Balmes in Las Palmas, but to fly to Tetuan and head the national movement against Bolshevism.

I used to make General Franco read out of Sparkman's *First English Readers*, published in New York by Heath & Co., and, one day, after taking him through a piece about the early Spanish explorers, I remarked to him, "What a fine spirit there was in Spain in those days! Has that spirit quite died out?"

"Yes," he replied, "Spain has been

**Mount Argus, Dublin, S. W. 7, Ireland. June, 1939.*

lost by materialism and Socialism."

"And are there no men," I retorted, "who could do something to revive it?"

And his reply came, quiet and, I thought, somewhat sad, "Yes, there are men. But at the moment . . ."

I saw him for the last time on the morning of July 14. On the previous afternoon, news had reached us of the assassination of Calvo Sotelo in Madrid.* As the General came in, I was shocked by his perturbed, sleepless look; he seemed a different man, and was obviously moved to the depths of his being.

The lesson proceeded without comment or conversation, on his side or mine. I respected his obvious emotion. Nor did he stop to chat with his little girl and me, as he usually did when his time was up and she came in to start her lesson. On the 16th he did not come. The *nenuca*, as little Carmen was called in the home, took her

*CATHOLIC DIGEST, Jan., 1939, p. 74.

lesson at the earlier hour and brought a message from her "Papá" excusing himself, as he was too busy. She herself was obviously nervous and *distracte*. Later, we knew that there had been a direct attempt on her father's residence during the night, to murder him or kidnap her.

On the morning of the 14th, at his last lesson, he had read with me a piece about Abraham Lincoln containing these words: "He did not make war upon the South until he was forced to do so. His big heart recoiled from bloodshed. His heart was wrung with anguish because of the sufferings he was forced to inflict upon his brothers of the South in order to ensure future peace and prosperity to his country." On the morning of July 18, when we owned Franco for our leader, they came back forcibly to my memory, and I instinctively applied them to him. I knew they were as true of him as of the man of whom they were written.

Ten Reasons Why I Swear

It pleases my mother. It is a fine mark of manliness.

It proves I have self-control.

It indicates how clearly my mind operates.

It makes my conversation so pleasing to everybody.

It leaves no doubt in anyone's mind as to my good breeding.

It impresses people that I have more than an ordinary education.

It is an unmistakable sign of culture and refinement.

It makes me a very desirable personality among women, children, and respectable society.

It is my way of honoring God.

The *Liguorian* (June, '39).

Need One Read and Write?

By JAMES DEVANE

Shocks for teachers

Condensed from the *Irish Monthly**

"Sign the book here, please," I said. The mother replied, "Sir, I cannot write."

It was so unusual to meet one who could not even write her own name that I looked up, and for the first time took stock of the person who stood before me. She was a young woman of the people, not more than 25 years old. She was clean and comely above women of her station, and she was bright and alert, answered questions quickly and with precision. She was neatly dressed—a clean white apron, good shoes, a saffron Connemara shawl.

As I looked at her, I thought what a calamity it must be to lack the gift of reading and writing; what a loss not to be able to read books of biography, or history, or poetry, the drama, the great novels, essays, or books of travel and politics; to be cut adrift from the life of the outer world, from newspapers, reviews.

While I was in this train of thought I said to the woman, "Don't you miss very much not being able to read or write?"

She laughed as if she had never given a thought to the subject, and replied, "Why, no, sir, I haven't a minute to myself; what with minding the children, cooking my man's dinner, selling

flowers at my stand at the corner of 'Our Street,' I am going all day. Then there is always a christening, or a marriage, or a death, some neighbor's child is sick, there is talk with the neighbors. There are always people passing up and down the street by my stand. I talk with the women at the stands near mine, and we joke about the passers-by. I haven't a minute to myself."

From the world of books I had come with a flop to the world of reality, the world of men and women and muling children, sizzling bacon in frying pans, flowers and cabbages, and fish on barrows.

Were the universal educators all wrong and was this woman right? After all, if this woman did read, she would not read books of history, of philosophy, of poetry, of politics. She would read drug store literature. Would her mind be more sweet and sane and wholesome for that? If she read the daily papers, would it do her much good to know that half a million had died of famine in Russia, that hundreds of thousands were slaughtered in Spain, that an airplane went on fire in Switzerland and (with sadistic details) ten charred bodies were dragged from the fusilage? Would it do her

*5 Great Denmark St., Dublin, C. 16, Ireland. June, 1939.

mind good to know that Don Pathe divorced his fourth wife in Mexico and was marrying Lily Daumont, who had separated from her third husband; or that a child aged five years (again details) was found murdered? Is not her own world the real world and this other the world of the grotesque? Will not a great society and great literature and great art be built on her world rather than on that outer world, the world of universal literacy, newspapers for all, universal decay?

Let us come closer to this woman and her philosophy. It is not essential for this woman's happiness in life that she should be able to read and write, nor is it essential for her vocation in life. There are other things much more essential. It is far more important for her that she should have a house of frugal comfort, a husband, children, and that her husband should have fair work, and fair remuneration. That is not only true of her, it is true of all women.

Social convention today, it is true, demands that a woman in a high station of life should read and write. But it was not always so. In the Middle Ages, in the 16th, 17th centuries, many of the highest ladies could not read. He would be foolish who would hold that culture today is greater than the culture of the high Middle Ages or the 16th or 17th centuries. Yet today society ordains that every one, high and low, must read and write. I will not

say it is a bad ordinance. Neither will I say it is a good ordinance. But I will hold that there is something more important than literacy for a woman or a man of the people. It is more important for a humble working family that they should have a home, congenial, fair work, moderate security and frugal comfort. If that be secured, literacy is for the good. If that be not secured, literacy is an ill. If literacy impedes the attainment of the things I have mentioned, then it is better the people did not read nor write. And please remember, never did the poor attain a higher standard of life than in an age when a great proportion of the population could neither read nor write.

Modern Anglo-Saxon civilization—Britain and North America (of which we are part)—believes in three fallacies:

1. That universal literacy is, absolutely and without reservation, a good thing; that everyone should have reading and writing, even if millions lack the necessities of life.

2. That the man who can read and write is, from that fact, a more educated man than he who cannot read nor write; that a town-bred mechanic, for example, is a more educated man than an old Irish peasant who cannot read nor write.

3. That the culture of a people is proportionate to the amount of printed matter they absorb.

All of which brings us to the question: What is education, what is an educated man (or woman)?

The end of true education is the formation of a quality of mind, a mode of thought, an approach to life, a sense of values; it is something that is left if everything a man read were blotted from the tablets of his mind. And that quality of mind an Irish peasant (who never read anything) may have, and a slickglib writer, with a library of 1,000 books, may lack. And so it happens that on the themes which have supplied the greatest work of the greatest artists, your Irish peasant may have deeper, saner, indeed, more natural thoughts, may be more in sympathy with great writers, artists and statesmen than with the slick ephemeral writers who now flood the world with books. On such subjects as life, death, betrothal, the cosmos and the seasons, motherhood, mystery, nature in all her manifestations in flower and leaf and cloud, solitude, the life and thought of the Irish peasant are much more in harmony with the great minds of our European tradition than with the mass of pictorial and printed matter of our age.

To return to our flower seller: her husband is an unskilled laborer, a builder's laborer. Personally, I think it is desirable that husband and wife should read and write, provided the social philosophy behind the reading and writing is a good philosophy.

Now, our (Anglo-Saxon) philosophy of reading and writing is bad.

First, it assumes the man who can read and write is from that fact saner, healthier, than a man who cannot read nor write—the literate mechanic is superior to the illiterate peasant.

Second, it assumes that a man who earns his living by writing and books (ledgers, passbooks, etc.), is from that fact superior to a man who earns his living by pick and spade and shovel. A clerk, for example, is superior to a farm laborer, a typist or shorthand writer is superior to a nurse who looks after children or to a housemaid who scours stairs and polishes brasses.

The whole philosophy behind this compulsory reading and writing business is wrong, since it leads to these conclusions:

1. The factory is superior to the farm, the town is superior to the country.

2. In the town itself, manual work with picks, spade, shovel, trowel, plane, saw, hod, is inferior to clerical work or factory work. The bricklayer plastered with mortar is inferior to the city clerk in patent shoes and striped trousers; the girl who bangs a typewriter is superior to the girl who cooks a dinner; the girl who feeds a machine with cans is superior to the girl who feeds a baby with a bottle.

3. It is better for society that a man should be able to read and write and have no work, than that he should

have work and not be able to read and write. Such fallacies are only an effort of the city to render itself superior to the country. They are obviously based on nothing.

To return to our woman (and num-

berless others like her), neither for her happiness, nor for her occupation (flower-selling), nor for her character, nor for her full function in life (motherhood) is reading and writing essential.

Writing in Schools

Moths can't grow big because they eat only holes.

In Holland they use water power to drive their windmills.

During the French Revolution many nobles were gelatinated.

Cars are run by eternal combustion engines.

Silence is what you don't hear when you listen.

A siren is a girl you often hear singing at a factory.

Compliment is when you say something to someone which he and we know isn't true.

In the boat there are eight men and one to coax them.

Double dealing is when you buy something wholesale to sell retail.

Henry VIII was not good at husbandry.

Napoleon called England a nation of shoplifters.

A refugee is a man who blows the whistle at a match.

Quoted by Francis Davitt in the [Melbourne] *Advocate* (13 April '39).

Sanctity

One of our English martyrs, Nicholas Horner, who was executed at Tyburn, had once been a tailor. St. John of God once kept a small shop. St. Isidore, patron saint of Madrid, as Europe's most aristocratic city, had been a common laborer. St. Joseph Labré—what would a policeman have called him but a tramp! St. Germaine Cousin, what was she but a little drudge, a cottage Cinderella driven and starved by an evil-tempered witch of a stepmother! St. Bathild was a queen of France before she finished with this world, but she started as a slave-girl who waited at table. St. Benedict the Black was born of slave parents.

John Gibbons in the *Universe* (14 April '39).

The Flying Cross

By PAUL SCHULTE, O.M.I.

Nice work, if you can do it

Condensed from the *Catholic Life**

Last August at Hudson Bay we learned that Father Cochard was dangerously ill in one of the most distant and inaccessible mission posts.

I promptly offered to fly the 2,000 miles to Arctic Bay. At four o'clock in the morning, sharp, Brother Beaudoin, my mechanic, and I were on our way. With the sign of the cross and a short prayer for the success of the flight, my usual practice, we took off. Slowly I fed gas, half throttle, full throttle. The engine thundered a sonorous morning prayer, and the hydroplane, St. Luke, of the MIVA (Missionary International Vehicular Association), rose on its pontoons and raced out into the cold morning.

We gain speed, 30 miles, 40 miles, 50—what's this? A 14-foot, white whale breaks surface right in our path. Can't stop now; momentum too great, and a whale right on top of us. I charge full speed ahead, straight for him. What if we should fail to rise, or what if he doesn't plunge again before we reach him: we'll scuttle the monster with our pontoons and more than likely our plane will turn turtle in the water. Our flight, and possibly our lives, would end then and there. These thoughts flash through my mind. At 60 miles per hour I charge to within

seven feet of him, then pull the rudder bar with all my might, and our plane hurdles the leviathan, spans the water once again and soars surely and proudly into the air. I mop the beads of perspiration from my brow; hadn't expected whales so early in the jaunt. Taking a deep breath, I smile at the Brother by my side and circle in farewell over the mission station.

I promised the doctor to do all within my power to bring Father Cochard to the hospital. The urgent task before me, to save a life, kept me wide awake. For the entire 2,200-mile flight I could not count on relief at the controls. At 2 P. M. we crossed into the Arctic Circle and landed at the mission station, Our Lady of the Snow, in Repulse Bay. The Fathers there helped us refuel.

Leaving the bay, we took a short cut over Hall Lake. Visibility was good. I pointed to a horseshoe-like island far off on the horizon and said to Brother Beaudoin, "If that isn't Igloolik, I'll turn right back." As we circled above the church in homage to our Sacramental Lord, I spotted, to my delight, six drums of gas and a drum of oil; they spelled happiness to my mechanic and a feast to our gas-hungry engine. If we hadn't cached this gas here a year ago, lack of fuel would have foiled

*907 Michigan Ave., Washington, D. C. June, 1939.

our rescue of my suffering confrere.

It was 6:30 P. M. when we landed. We had been under a terrific strain for some four hours, and were forced to rest for a while. The most difficult part of the flight was still ahead of us. Beaudoin and I took off again at 9 P. M. We had gas for a five and a half hours' cruise. We figured to get to Arctic Bay in two and three-quarter hours; the return flight would take about as long. We should still have gas for approximately 15 minutes, enough for a landing. It was impossible, with Beaudoin on board, to carry more gas.

We had been flying for an hour and a half, but we had covered hardly one-third of the way. The head-on gale ate mercilessly into our gas supply. The speedometer registered 120 miles; but we really traveled only 60 miles an hour, since our head wind raced towards us with a 60-mile velocity. I prayed fervently. Then I spent a few more minutes in intense deliberation. It didn't take me long to decide; promptly I turned about, and now no one in the world could have persuaded me to change my mind. Slowly and in a wide arc, in order not to awaken Beaudoin by curving too sharply, I turned back. There was no alternative. I felt tired and utterly frustrated. Even the engine's hum seemed mournful—we had failed. Soon after, I nosed down on Igloodik and landed the plane about 11 P. M. Need I say that I was

thoroughly exhausted? We had been on our feet, or better, on our wings, since two that morning.

After a few hours rest I decided to fly alone to Arctic Bay, because I could carry more gas. I took on enough to last me for about an eight hours' cruise. I traveled the identical course as the night before. My position upon landing would be 5,000 miles north of Arctic Circle and a bare 1,100 miles from the North Pole.

Arctic Bay is the most northern trading post and also the most northern mission. Here mountains tower 1,800 feet into the icy, arctic sky. I swept down on Adams Sound as if I had piloted planes this way hundreds of times. Banking the plane, I saw in the bend of the bay below me the red and white buildings of the Hudson Bay Company, and beside them a small white tent.

Slowly I taxied toward shore. Two white men came toward me. One was Mr. Allen Scott, manager of the post, and the other was Mr. Marvin Ahlbaum, his assistant and wireless operator. I turned the mail over to them and asked with some trepidation, "How is Father Cocharde?" They burst out almost simultaneously, "He is in great pain."

I found Father Cocharde in the Hudson Bay Company's building. When he saw me, joy and emotion made him speechless. He sobbed while he pressed my hand convulsively. Even after some

time he could scarcely be made to realize that his rescue had become a certainty. He whispered into my ears, "Father Schulte, when I took sick I celebrated, with great difficulty, what I thought would be my last Holy Mass. I consecrated some particles, in order that I might be able to receive Holy Viaticum when the time should come. Would you be so kind as to take the consecrated Hosts from my tent and take them with you to Igloolik?" I went to the tiny tent, opened the Mass kit and found the blessed Sacrament. I knelt to adore our sacramental Lord. The thought that I would be permitted to carry the Lord of all through the air thrilled me. I was to be a Christopher of the air for the first time in the history of the world.

We lifted the patient with the utmost care into the plane; with a final wave of the hand to these generous friends I gave the idling engine the gun, and we rose into the air. After ten minutes or so the sun broke through and my heart leaped within me in a pean of song to the most blessed Sacrament.

Never before had I meditated so fervently upon the psalm *Benedicite** as on this flight with the blessed Sacrament resting on my heart. Time and again I had recited the *Benedicite*, but

*This prayer, recited daily by every priest, is the canticle of joy sung by three youths who were miraculously preserved from the flames of a burning furnace into which they had been cast for refusing to adore idols.

here above the world we lived it.

Bless the Lord, O ye angels of the Lord. The Saviour is with us, and His angels accompany the flying tabernacle through the air in silent, holy adoration.

Bless the Lord, O ye heavens. Round about us wild arctic skies, cradle of roaring storms, which raise their peans of praise to the Creator so mysteriously borne through the air.

Bless the Lord, O all ye waters. Waters of the arctic seas, of the fjords, and of the inlets. The waves heaved and fell in the direction we were flying, heaping whitecaps upon whitecaps, and giving the impression that they, too, would speed us on our way.

Bless the Lord, O ye sun and moon. The sun illumined our way; it seemed to precede us on our course, and the moon will be there by night.

Bless the Lord, O ye ice and snow. The mountains, glaciers, and eternal snows below us adore their sacramental God by their profound silence, and by their age-long purity.

Bless the Lord, O ye clouds. Fleecy clouds seem to caress the plane bearing the Maker of all Creation, as if they would have us stay.

Bless the Lord, O ye whales and all that move in the waters. Walrus, polar bears, fish, large and small, even the whale which nearly capsized us, in his fashion renders homage to the Lord.

Bless the Lord, O ye dews and hoar frosts. The NNW-wind was well dis-

posed towards us. It took me four and a half hours to fly from Igloolik to Arctic Bay; the return flight took us only two and a half hours.

Bless the Lord, O ye sons of men. The surprised and frightened Eskimos below us who had never seen an airplane, excitedly pointed up to our flying cross. Father Cochard told me that the Eskimos would one and all ask, "What was that? Who was in that curious sled in the sky?" And upon his recovery the missionary will tell them that he, sick unto death, and the Saviour Who came to save all men of good will, were the passengers.

Bless the Lord, O ye priests of the Lord. Two priests were in the plane worshipping the Lord of all and living the *Benedicite*; one an Eskimo missionary who lived in a tent without stove and fuel and even without bread; his food was fish, seal, blubber, and again fish, seal, blubber. The second was only myself.

At 6:30 P. M. we landed in Igloolik. While the plane was being refueled, I carried the blessed Sacrament to the chapel and there upon my knees gave thanks for the honor of bearing my God through the air.

At 8 P. M. we took off on the most

hazardous part of our flight, the return to Arctic Circle with Father Cochard and Brother Beaudoin. Had I then and there known the prevailing weather conditions over our course, I am sure I would never have risked it. In Parry Bay the weather turned foul and soupy.

There was neither sun nor moon; darkness covered us like a pall. Visibility became steadily worse. I would have made a forced landing had there been a safe spot. Then the symbol of our plane came to my mind. Our plane is convoyed by angels; its inscription reads: "May Thy Angels Protect Me." I repeated this prayer again and again. The moon began to break through the clouds, and now and then smiled on us for a few moments, as if to say: "You're doing fine, sky pilot," and slipped away again.

Presently we were over the mission of Our Lady of the Snow of Arctic Circle in Repulse Bay. I tried for a landing that would do credit to my training; I mustn't jolt our sick patient. It would have been a nice how-do-you-do if the good man were catapulted through the window by a bad landing. But the landing was smooth and the moon grinned broadly as if to say, "Nice work, Flying Priest."

Actors in Italy must use their real names. Imagine a re-issue of *The Sheik*, with Rudolph Alfonso Raffaele Pierre Filiberti Guiglielmi di Valentino d'Antongueila!

Catholic Film News (June '39).

One Need Not Be a Newman

By C. F. WHITCOMB

Advice for followers

Condensed from *America**

When I called on a Catholic priest and told him I wanted to become a Catholic, he said something like this: "Take your time; think the matter over well. Be very sure you *must* be a Catholic before you take the step." I had already been thinking the matter over for a long time; it had not been an easy thing to go to a Catholic rectory and tell a perfect stranger that I wanted to enter the Church. Consequently, I was a bit dismayed at his advice.

Today, after three years in the Catholic Church, I understand why that priest said what he did; I would offer the same advice to anyone who asked me a similar question.

For being a Catholic is such a very concrete thing, like potatoes. It brings a definite attitude not only to matters of faith but to everything in life, in a manner unknown and unimagined by those outside.

To a non-Catholic, I suppose, there is nothing more at variance with all his habits of belief than the Catholic teaching of the perfect and indivisible union between Christ and the Church, that he who hears the Church hears Christ and conversely, he who hears Christ hears the Church. The indissoluble linking of the spiritual message of our

Lord with the functioning of an organization on earth is a revolutionary idea to one accustomed, from the time he first began to think, to the theory of private judgment in matters of religion.

So, on becoming a Catholic, it is a liberating experience to learn how unimportant it is whether we *feel* the presence of God or not, whether we *feel* in the mood of performing our religious duties or not, providing we *act* just the same. Acting, at the command of the will, relieves the human mind of too much unexpressed emotion. The very fact we get outside ourselves and our feelings and *do* definite things—whether we feel like it or not—gives one a better perspective toward life. Every practice of the Catholic life, from lighting a candle at a shrine to seeking the sacred tribunal of penance or receiving Communion, is an outmoving gesture, a gesture toward something beyond and above the individual.

When the Catholic makes what is called an Act of Charity he says something like this: "O my God, because Thou art good I love Thee with all my heart, and for Thy sake I also love my neighbor as myself."

Just as Catholicism refuses to make God and the practice of religion a purely "spiritual" thing, so it refuses to

*329 W. 108th St., New York City. May 27, 1939.

make the doctrine of human brotherhood a purely material thing. As God dwells not only in Heaven but also on earth in His Church, so man, though he dwells on earth, is potentially a citizen of Heaven, marked for that destiny by his Creator, preserving within himself, in spite of the fall and all it entailed, the germ of a supernatural life. Consequently, from the Catholic viewpoint the so-called corporal works of mercy—receiving the outcast, feeding the hungry—must be performed. But these works are done not primarily for man's material well being, but because they are conducive to the development of man's spiritual nature.

These are the reasons why I would give the inquirer the same advice the priest gave me. Don't come to us, I would say, unless you wish to make an absolute surrender of your whole past, religious and secular—if such a distinction can be made. Don't come in thinking you can bring along with you a few lesser loyalties which you can tuck into obscure corners of your mind, and still be a good Catholic in what you please to call the essentials. It will not work that way.

Don't seek to become a Catholic because, after attending a Solemn Mass at Westminster Cathedral, or some other church where the requirements of the liturgy are carried out with perfection, you decide you like our services. Unless you accept the realities that they symbolize, you will get terribly

fed up in the run-of-the-mill parish church.

Others admire Catholicism because it inspires such loyalty among its adherents, and secures a discipline absent in other religious bodies, a discipline which affects the everyday life of its people. Unless you are convinced of the validity of the source of that power, don't come to us. You will make some appalling discoveries. And as for loyalty, you will be amazed at how many of our well-trained faithful prefer to support the Church by bingo parties, rather than by a practical and dignified system of personal budgeting and pledges.

Don't come into the Church because after reading Maritain and Chesterton and Dawson, you expect to receive daily intellectual stimulation by contact with her members. You will be shocked at finding the hordes of Catholics who ended their religious instruction with the penny catechism and have not read a Catholic book since. You will be surprised at the numbers who, after years of faithful attendance at Mass, still lack not only the devotion but even the curiosity to buy a missal and know what is going on at the altar, preferring, rather, to say their beads or their private prayers.

These little things will annoy you, if you come to us because you think Catholicism is pretty, or emotionally satisfying, or good discipline and *nothing else*. But once you believe with all

your mind that you must be a Catholic, then come at once.

And don't think when I say *mind* I'm making the entrance requirements too hard. I'm saying *your* mind, whatever it is; I'm not suggesting you wait

to acquire the mind of St. Thomas Aquinas or of Cardinal Newman. But your reason and not your feelings alone must cause you to take the step.

Coming that way, you will find all you expected—and infinitely more!



The Duchess and the Hotel

On August 1, the Hôtel Dieu in Quebec will be 300 years old. Back in 1635, the idea for a hospital in the wilds of Quebec originated in the mind of the Duchess Marie d'Aiguillon, rich niece of Cardinal Richelieu.

The Cardinal, whom the Duchess had interested in Canadian affairs, secured a fine building site in the Upper Town, where the Hôtel Dieu, as the Duchess' hospital was named, still stands. Influenced by St. Vincent de Paul, the Duchess d'Aiguillon, left a very wealthy widow at 18, became a foundress of hospitals in Paris and also gave to many that she never saw, such as those at Marseilles, Algiers, and Quebec.

Of all these, the Hôtel Dieu de Quebec is most interesting to Americans, for it was the first hospital to be built north of the Rio Grande. On its staff were three young Hospitalières of the Augustinian Order, who were America's first trained nurses.

The Hôtel Dieu de Quebec has always been so bound up with the name of d'Aiguillon that the passing of generations never seems to have cooled the family's interest in the Canadian hospital founded by the original Duchess. Following the French and Indian War, the English Governor, because the nuns had recently lost their buildings in a fire and seemed, because of the vicissitudes of the war, helpless to continue their work, confiscated the estates of the Hôtel Dieu.

But the English reckoned without the d'Aiguillons. The Duchess of that day, a niece of the foundress, immediately took steps to help the Hospitalières. She wrote a sharp letter to William Pitt, the English Prime Minister. Pitt capitulated. The Hôtel Dieu got back its fine building site, and sufficient funds to reimburse it for war-time losses.

This year completes three centuries of service at the Hôtel Dieu. It also rounds out 300 years of daily Masses for the intention of the Duchess d'Aiguillon, patroness of hospitals, the rich woman who understood the way into the Kingdom.

Epsy Colling in *Light* (June '39).

Goldbricks ... 25c Down

Suckers are born and made

By ANDREW G. ROSS

Condensed from the *Commonweal**

A prosperous section of our retail business is composed of the out-and-out, catch-as-catch-can, no holds-barred "gyp" credit stores, and they go on their merry way without let or hindrance. Known in the trade as "schlag" (probably derived from the Yiddish "cheap") and "borax" houses, they do a business in the tens of millions each year. Their annual advertising bills are colossal; some of the larger ones think nothing at all of sending out an expensive mailing piece to a half million people.

It might be well to emphasize the fact that there are credit-installment houses which are conducted honestly; dependable department stores often have deferred-payment plans; in fact, most of the installment-credit companies are honestly-run businesses, be they good or bad intrinsically.

However, it is with the definitely gyp stores that we are here concerned, the firms that sell flashy trash at high prices to people who, in most cases, can't afford what they buy. These people are naturally the ones to be attracted by a prominent newspaper advertisement offering an Elgin watch or a Waterman pen for 25c down and 25c a week. Twenty-five cents a week seems nothing, even if your income is

only \$12 to \$15 a week, and it *is* an insignificant sum, but it invariably develops, when a customer tries to buy the "nationally advertised" watch or pen or radio, that he *cannot* get it for 25c down and 25c a week.

When the gyp store advertises an Elgin watch it *has* an Elgin watch in stock (maybe several) but they are "nailed down," i. e., they cannot be sold under any circumstances except for cash. A salesman in a borax house couldn't look himself in the face if he were inept enough to let a customer get out with a good watch or pen or radio on "time." Such merchandise is the "come-on." And the switch to the phony merchandise is done so gracefully that the sucker feels the clerk has done him a favor.

A good, nationally-advertised fountain pen wholesales at about 40% off its marked price. Thus a \$7 pen costs the retailer \$4.20, leaving \$2.80 to cover overhead, advertising and profit, which seems a generous margin, as indeed it is to the honest retailer. But the borax house has its own brand, a very handsome pen which compares (superficially) with the well-known brands, but which in reality is poorly made and priced several dollars lower than the latter.

*386 Fourth Ave., New York City. June 2, 1939.

"Of course, we will sell you a Waterman," says the clerk to his victim. "It's a good pen and you may be sure that it will give you the utmost satisfaction." He glances around to see that no other employee is listening, pulls a "company" pen from his pocket and leans over the counter. "I use this pen, myself; I can't see paying the advertising bills of large companies. It's made by a company that doesn't advertise, but between you and me, this pen is much better than the Waterman. Don't tell anyone around here I told you, but don't be a sap; this pen at \$5 is a heck of a lot better buy than the \$7 pen. Naturally we make a much smaller profit, but I hate to see a guy gypped."

The customer almost invariably buys the \$5 pen, which costs the store less than 75c.

The "25c down" business is, of course, just bait. You might possibly get a \$1 pair of sunglasses (cost 15c) for as little as 25c down. But there is no law to compel the store to live up to its advertised down payment, because it doesn't have to extend credit at all. In the case of the fountain pen the credit manager, without any difficulty, will secure \$1 as a down payment. And there is the secret: the cost of the pen and overhead being paid, any future installments collected are gravy.

The best racket is jewelry: rings, bracelets, brooches, pins, watches. Not being handicapped by any sort of conscience, the gyp-limit is the sky, or

whatever the sucker will stand for. A store salesman told me recently of an incident which involved a young man who wanted to buy (at his fiancée's request) a yellow-gold, unjeweled wedding ring. Since yellow-gold wedding rings are in little demand, the store had but a small stock with a price range of \$10 to \$14 (and these were well overpriced). In this instance the young man had the cash to spend—he also had his fiancée's instructions to pay about \$25. He was shown the \$10 to \$14 rings but wasn't interested. He had been told to spend about \$25, so he wanted something for \$25. The clerk merely went behind the partition, took a ring out of the \$12 tray, polished it a bit and came back. "We have only this one ring," he said, "and we have it on consignment. It's marked \$29 but to sell it today I will let you have it at our cost—\$24.

The sucker took it, paid cash for it and left happily. He got an eight-karat gold ring, thin and poorly engraved with orange blossoms. He paid for a heavy 18-karat ring with well-executed work.

"Everything is sold on a money-back guarantee." These stores advertise that you must be satisfied or your money will be refunded, and you can't advertise anything that isn't true can you? Well, an acquaintance of mine who has been connected with a gyp-chain for a number of years told me that in all his experience he has never known of

a single case where money was refunded on demand. Merchandise in exchange for the returned article, yes. Money refunded, never.

Of course, this racket is not confined to jewelry alone. It has branches in the furniture field, in clothing, in auto supplies, practically everything. As I have said, the conduct of the greater part of installment selling is honest—reputable clothing companies, for instance, have gone into the installment field without in any way cheapening their product. But they are mighty careful to whom they allow credit; applicants are well investigated and the percentage of loss is very small, averaging somewhere around $1\frac{1}{2}\%$. In the gyp companies the "profit-and-loss" mark-off may be as high as 18% or more. One chain, with whose policy I am acquainted, allows credit to anyone who is employed, bad credit record notwithstanding. They find it pays fat dividends. Recently a meeting of credit managers of another chain was called to determine the "credit limit" of WPA employees and it was established at \$100!

Customers of these stores are invariably gypped—the difference is only in degree. Suppose a "company brand" radio costs \$5 and sells for \$18. That is an unconscionable margin of profit. And suppose a purchaser pays \$5 down, and perhaps \$7 or \$8 more in installments and then loses his job. He can't

make further payments and so the radio is repossessed. Gross profit for the company: \$7 and a radio. That radio goes to the rebuilding department; its insides are dusted and cleaned, a weak tube replaced. The cabinet is polished by a man who is employed full time for just that work. The radio is now "brand new." Another \$5 down and it goes out to another sucker who may or may not keep it.

Some of the borax furniture companies are particularly brazen: a settee, for instance, may be repossessed four or five times, and each time a new covering material is tacked over the old one, the exposed wooden parts polished and the settee sold as new. This definitely violates city sanitary ordinances which state that upholstered pieces, mattresses, etc., may not be sold as new unless they definitely are new and bear an inspection label.

The gyp houses exist by reason of the ignorance and gullibility of those they victimize. A partial solution would be the education of that section of the population. Who will undertake the necessary education? Magazines? Good newspapers? These people don't read good newspapers. Cheap newspapers? Perhaps—and perhaps the papers don't care about sacrificing up to 40 or 50 pages a week of gyp advertising. The business office still controls editorial policy and the business office loves advertising revenue.

St. Peter's Is Falling Down

By NORB SHOWALTER and DAN FOLEY

But it is never fallen

Condensed from *Roman Echoes**

The one man in the world who could be called an authority on the subject says that St. Peter's is falling down. His name is Giuseppe Gianfranceschi, overseer of those nimble and skillful workmen known as the *sanpietrini*. These men (some of whom enter service at the age of 12) know every cranny and curve, every mosaic and frieze, every arch and pilaster of the largest church in the world.

We were watching the *sanpietrini* as they swung from arch to arch, stripping St. Peter's of her damask draperies which had been placed there for a festive occasion. Signor Gianfranceschi explained the significance of his startling statement. The tremendous weight of the massive ceiling pressing down on the pilasters that flank the nave and transepts of the basilica, is continually causing the marble bases of these columns to crack and crumble. Daily vigilance is necessary to prevent a dangerous settling of the whole building.

When the present structure was begun under the reign of Julius II (1503-1513), huge blocks of marble were salvaged from the old edifice. These blocks have now reached a tragic end. When the new building was being raised on these old blocks, many of them (bearing valuable friezes or bas-

reliefs by celebrated sculptors of by-gone days) were placed inside-out, with their sculptured fronts facing the huge mass of concrete and plaster that comprises the inner core of the pilasters, and in the repair work many of these are now being uncovered.

The *sanpietrini* are now occupied on a ten-year project of general repair. That is why the towering wooden scaffolds are always to be seen at some point or other in St. Peter's. Not only the bases, but also the marble above, have suffered, and these blocks, too, are being gradually replaced with newer and more cohesive marble. The intricate inlay work (such as the doves bearing olive branches in their beaks) is removed piece by piece and fitted back into the new marble when it is in place. None of the colored marble is changed, since it is almost impossible to procure matched stone today.

The length of the new project seems staggering at first thought, but when it is considered that it takes six months to finish one pilaster alone, ten years seems a very brief period in which to "lift the face" of the entire edifice. It has been known to take seven hours to raise one block of marble from the pavement to the top of a pilaster! Seventy-two *sanpietrini* are engaged in

*North American College, Rome, Italy. 1939.

this work, three of whom are skilled architects.

But these 72 compose less than one-fourth of the personnel of the *sanpietrini* which embraces 350 men under the supervision of Signor Gianfranceschi. These men decorate the interior of the basilica for Papal ceremonies, guard the various exits in their black and red uniforms, point out to tourists such marvels as might not be contained in their ever-present Baedekers and, most exciting of all, illuminate the exterior of the basilica on great feasts or canonizations.

In the process of illumination, the myriads of lamps are set in place days before the scheduled night, and early in the evening a few of the lamps at the salient points are lighted: the basilica is "outlined." The striking feature of the illumination is its simultaneity. A few minutes before the appointed hour, the entire 350 *sanpietrini* are at their previously designated posts. The most athletic and agile are given the perilous task of setting the cross on the top of the dome aflame. The most able of the corps ascends from his station at the intersection of the crosspiece, lights the lamp at the top of the cross, swings to the edge of the crosspiece, interrupts his flight long enough to dash his flaming brand into the oil pot, and then swings over to the opposite edge of the crosspiece to light the lamp there. This swinging at night at the dizzy height of 460

feet is accomplished in a trice. Meanwhile, another man has lighted the lamp at the base of the cross and ascended to the intersection of the crosspiece where he lights the last lamp on the cross. All the way down the dome men are stationed, each one assigned three lamps. In the parts of the building not so focal to the eye of the watchers on the piazza the *sanpietrini* each light six, eight, or ten lamps.

When the hour of eight booms out, the work is begun. One of the smaller bells strikes four times, signifying that the hour is striking, followed by the eight deeply pitched strokes of the eight-ton *campanone* marking the hour. At the first note of the *campanone* everyone leaps to his work. The effect, when seen below, gives the impression that one daredevil has slid all the way from the cupola to the roof, plunging his torch into the oil pans as he descends. Before the eighth stroke of the bell, the largest church in the world stands glimmering like a pattern of pearls, and the proud *sanpietrini* listen to the applause of the multitude. Knowing the system, we no longer find incredible the stories about the records established in illuminating St. Peter's—even the claim that it has been done in some three or four seconds!

The warm, rich glow of the oil lamps, with a notable absence of the heavy smoke that generally arises from burning oil, is explained by the high grade of oil used.

There has never been a casualty in the memory of any living member of the *sanpietrini* during the illumination of the basilica, nor during the decorating of the interior. Dangerous as is the swinging from bay to bay and from arch to arch, detaching the red draperies (as we saw them do the day Pius XI died), no one has fallen yet. And no one in particular is trained for this acrobatic work. Everyone takes his turn as it comes.

The first illumination in many decades took place the night of the Little Flower's canonization in 1925. And only once did inclement weather pre-

vent the *sanpietrini* from lighting the exterior—the night of the canonization of Bernadette of Lourdes. The illumination took place the following night, on the feast of an American patroness, Our Lady of Guadalupe. Since then there has been an illumination almost once a year.

Giuseppe Gianfranceschi's work is comparable, in a fashion, to that of the great Michelangelo, Bramante, and Bernini, the men who raised this basilica above the humble tomb of the Prince of the Apostles. They built St. Peter's and now he is preserving their creation.



Bombs in Albania

It is amusing to recall, in the midst of the British press campaign against Mussolini and the righteous indignation at the bombing of defenseless Albania, that not so long ago Italy proposed the abolition of all bombing airplanes, and might have carried the world with her but for the opposition of Britain. This opposition had the support of Liberal cabinet ministers, as Dr. Hugh Dalton, M.P., reminded Sir Archibald Sinclair, leader of the Opposition Liberals, in a recent speech at Accrington. It was at the Disarmament Conference in 1932 that the Italian proposal was made. "In the first debate of the conference, on Feb. 10," said Dr. Dalton, "Italy proposed the abolition of all bombing airplanes. Germany, Russia, and other States backed up the proposal. The U. S. was friendly, and in June President Hoover came out in definite favor. But from the first, Sir John Simon and Lord Londonderry resisted and obstructed. On July 7, Lord Baldwin, on behalf of the Government, opposed abolition, and proposed instead that limits should be defined within which air bombing should be legitimate."

"M" in the [Melbourne] *Advocate* (20 April '39).

Crown of Our Lady of the Andes

Its jewels will build orphanages

Reprinted from the *Catholic Fireside**

A crown, originally made as an act of thanksgiving for a statue of our Lady and said to be worth nearly \$5,000,000, is being exhibited in America prior to the removal of its precious stones, which are to be sold. It is the crown of Our Lady of the Andes, and such is its reputed value that it was considered unwise to exhibit it at the New York World's Fair. During its public exhibition in New York City, 22 policemen were set to guard it day and night.

The crown was made in 1599 by the inhabitants of Popayan, Peru, as a token of thanksgiving to our Lady for their preservation from a plague. It was sculptured from a 100-pound block of gold, encrusted with 453 emeralds once owned by the Incas of Peru. On top is a cross containing 10 stones. The principal jewel is the famous Atahualpa emerald which weighs more than 45 carats. This stone is said to have been worn by Atahualpa, the last of the Inca emperors.

So perfect are the stones that they are said to have been valued by the U. S. Department of Commerce at \$3,000 per carat, or about five times as much as diamonds.

The crown was made in six sections and joined together by nuts and bolts of gold so that it could be taken apart

and buried in six different places in time of danger.

The present owners of the crown (a group of Chicago gem specialists) say that its history, as recorded by the Cathedral at Popayan, began in 1590, when an epidemic swept over the west coast of South America, devastating the beautiful cities the Spanish had built in territory conquered from the Incas. Many settlements were wiped out, but Popayan, high in the Andes, was spared. Believing they had been miraculously saved because of their devotion to the blessed Virgin, whom they called Our Lady of the Andes, they determined to make the most beautiful crown in the world for the statue of the Madonna in the great Cathedral at Popayan. Into this crown they poured the wealth of gold and emeralds they had captured from the Incas.

After six years the masterpiece was completed, the coronation taking place on the feast of the Immaculate Conception amidst a great celebration in honor of the Mother of God.

From the 17th century the famous crown suffered many adventures, falling, so it is said, into the hands of English pirates, being recovered by the Spaniards, then changing hands several times during the revolution which freed the South American colonies

*23 Breems Bldg., London, E. C. 4, England. May 26, 1939.

from Spanish rule. For a time it was hidden in the ground and exhibited only on feast days, but finally it was restored to the Cathedral authorities.

The sad story then comes down to more modern times. Thirty years ago, it is said, the Cathedral trustees decided to dispose of the crown to provide funds for hospitals, orphanages, etc. Czar Nicholas II of Russia was supposed to have been anxious to secure the prize, but before the necessary

authority to sell could be obtained by the Cathedral authorities the War of 1914 broke out, bringing among its consequences the revolution in which the Czar and his family perished. Since the war several groups of European jewelers and bankers have sought to secure the treasure, until a few years ago a Chicago combine won the day and the precious relic. It is a sad fate to befall the object of a simple people's love and devotion to our Lady.



There are four kinds of people, three of which are to be avoided and the fourth cultivated: those who don't know what they don't know; those who know that they don't know; those who don't know that they know; and those who know that they know.

Disraeli quoted in the *Eikon* (May '39).



What, No Soapbox?

Under the slogan, "Give a party for the Party," the New York state committee for the Communist Party has recently issued a confidential circular outlining plans for social entertainments to raise funds for Party purposes. It is filled with suggestions for furthering Party ends (and treasuries) by gatherings in homes, in halls, and best of all in a penthouse, "an excellent place for a party."

One suggestion is a beer party, offering "all the free beer you can drink." With this goes the caution: "Pour the beer in the center of the glass, not down the inside. Pouring in the middle gives less liquid—stretches the barrel further." This, one iconoclast terms a capitalistic trick.

Telling Facts (May '39).

The Riddle of Bernard Shaw

Up rocket, down stick

By ROBERT HAMILTON

Condensed from the *Weekly Review**

It is doubtful if any man ever lived who exceeded the creative capacity of Bernard Shaw. Verdi was writing his finest music at the age of 80; but his output was small compared with that of Shaw. Play follows play; brilliant new prefaces expound the red Shavian ideas in a new light—and there seems to be no reason to suspect that the end is even in sight. It is possible to conceive of a centenarian Shaw filling the theaters to overflowing with a new and brilliantly witty play. It is all very wonderful; and it is undeniable that whatever his place as a thinker and writer, Shaw is a great *man*, and one of the wonders of the world; but the question remains: *has he anything to say of real significance?*

At first the question seems absurd. Shaw has preached at us from our childhood: he has preached creative evolution, the evils of tea, coffee, tobacco, and alcohol, the benefits of socialism, until we are weary. But others have preached these things, and it may well be asked whether any claim to originality can rest upon such general ideas. As Shaw has grown older the defects of his thought have become increasingly plain. Even the old ideas have been largely obscured

by his everlasting desire to express *himself*. It seems impossible for him to hold a definite position, for if he did so he would at once be clear and commonplace. He must qualify every view in order to impress his subtlety and wit upon his admiring audience.

He claims to have been a consistent Socialist throughout the greater part of his long life; yet in *Geneva* his Communist is as futile as his dictators, and he gives no clue to the solution of the problems under consideration. If it is possible to pin him down to any definite belief, it is always something simple and orthodox, such as that unrestrained passion and theft are wrong, and that it is our duty to use our brains; and so forth. But nowhere is there either an original outlook, or even an original way of looking at old truths. The *Intelligent Woman's Guide* is a comprehensive statement of economic Socialism unredeemed by a glimmer of originality; and, even here, in a comparatively straightforward book, it is difficult to avoid the feeling that the author would not lay down his life for his beliefs. And yet—this is the mystery, the riddle of Shaw—he is, in one aspect of himself, completely original.

The answer is that he is original,

*9 Essex Street, London, W. C. 2, England. May 11, 1939.

not in his matter, but in his manner. Shaw is primarily an artist. He began life as a music-critic, he chose the stage as the medium of his ideas, and he uses the platform and the newspaper in order to "show off." His mastery of words is unparalleled, and it is impossible to think of any writer of this or any former age who has been his equal wit. All this is great art; but it is not philosophy. A play by Shaw is an intellectual stimulant only in so far as finely arranged words must evoke ideas; yet the moment we endeavor to piece together the ideas generated with such brilliant artifice, we find that there is nothing there, except brilliance.

The riddle of Shaw is: can an art that is avowedly directed to non-artistic ends live; for Shaw believes in himself as a philosopher and his aim is to impress his beliefs upon his audience. It is the weakness of Shaw that he cannot escape from himself; his personality is too original and highly-colored. He cannot walk on to a platform or open his mouth without arousing a kind of electrical interest, and

it seems clear that he cannot think except subjectively. This subjectivism is, in one sense, the particular prerogative of the artist who expresses his own particular experience of life; but it is a danger to the philosopher who is concerned primarily with the supreme objectivity of metaphenomena. Even now the shifting kaleidoscope of Shavian ideas palls, in spite of the marvelous situations and sentences which clothe them, whereas a simple tale such as *The School for Scandal* lives because it is real—the kind of ordinary human event that can always happen. But if ideas are to live they must be powerful, original, and consistent. The greatest artist cannot play with ideas any more than a philosopher of genius can subordinate his ideas to the preoccupation of an art-form.

The riddle of Shaw is at present unanswerable and its solution lies with the future. Only time can reveal whether this strange, wayward artist who is yet so unsatisfactory a thinker can live when the body of his dialectic is dead and the brilliant garment of his art alone remains.

Even Shrimp

All whiskered things are testy and short-tempered—pumas, wildcats, Bernard Shaw, and—in the mating season—shrimps.

P. G. Wodehouse quoted by H. D. C. P. in the *Weekly Review* (18 May '39).

Roses in Religion

Flower with a history

By MAUD CHEGWIDDEN

Condensed from the *Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament**

The Little Flower, who in her life loved roses so much, promised that after death she would send down "showers of roses." This she has done in many ways, and rose petals from her burial spot have come to assume a special significance in the minds and hearts of her suppliants.

Roses and religion are intermingled in a manner that seems more than ordinary. Day after day, in some part of the world, roses are placed on countless altars and are lovingly set before thousands of images of our Lady, the mystical rose.

The very crown of thorns which was thrust upon the divine brow of our Lord may have been fashioned from a hedgerow rose of Palestine.

But long before the days of Jesus, roses were grown and loved and were used in the pagan religious rites and ceremonies of ancient Egypt, Greece and Rome. It is not unreasonable to suppose that the children of Israel took rose plants or seeds with them when they left their bondage in the valley of the Nile and started on the long and fateful journey to the promised land, for roses are mentioned in the book of Ecclesiasticus, chapter 24, verse 18: "I was exalted like a palm tree in Cades and as a rose plant in Jeri-

cho." Those lines were written in the 8th century before Christ.

Similarly, in the book of Wisdom, chapter 2, verse 8, we read: "Let us crown ourselves with roses before they be withered."

Roses opened their petals over the grave of Sophocles four and a half centuries before the birth of our Lord, according to Herodotus, who describes a rose that had 60 petals and a delicious fragrance.

But today we would gasp at such extravagance as Nero displayed when he gave a festival on the gulf of Baiae at which the cost of roses alone was 4,000,000 sesterces, or more than \$100,000! Cleopatra, during a banquet which she gave for Mark Antony, caused the floor of the dining hall to be strewn 18 inches deep with rose petals; and the Romans wore crowns of roses at their feasts, using the perfume of the petals for "dissipating the fumes of wine."

Because of this close association of the rose with pagan ceremonies, the wearing of rose crowns by the early Christians was frowned upon, especially by Clement of Alexandria who, as head of the catechetical school about 200 years after Christ, declared such use to be very improper; but as the

*194 East 76th St., New York City. June, 1939.

years passed and the faith grew, the rose began to be introduced into church ceremonies, to be placed on altars and shrines. It had lost its connection with paganism. With travel by galleon or camel or horse increasing, roses indigenous to one land were taken to others; the red rose of Malta, the yellow one of Persia, the white one of England, all came to be grown side by side with the pink roses commonly seen in Egypt, Greece and Rome.

Members of the priesthood always added cultivation of the soil to their religious lives, and gardens connected with monasteries came to be famous. Here were grown grains, vegetables and fruits for food; herbs for medicine, and flowers for church adornment. Many plants that we cultivate today for their beauty alone were used by those medieval gardeners as curatives, and the rose did not escape. Oil of roses and horehound tea were two of their favorite specifics. Ladies of that day went to the nuns to be instructed in the making of "simples" and the use of herbs, along with other branches of learning, and distilling of rose water was no small part of their training.

Monk after monk from St. Jerome and St. Augustine to the Dominican Albertus Magnus and the English member of the Minorite Order, Bartholomaeus, wrote about herbs and plants and gardening, and never neglected the rose. Albertus Magnus, in

fact, was accused of witchcraft because he grew plants under glass and so had them bloom out of season, like the ancient Romans who grew roses in glass houses heated with hot water pipes, and had produced fine flowers in winter, much to the horror of Nero's tutor, Seneca, who declared this to be wicked because it tampered with the habits of nature!

Tradition says that the rosary was given that name because rose seed pods were strung on cords to help in counting the paternosters, aves and glorias. Certainly rose pods would be available to all the faithful, for the wild rose grew everywhere and was most prolific in developing its bright scarlet fruits.

When the Crusades were making history, roses were prominent among the plants carried home by soldiers from the lands through which they passed. Thus the Damask rose, from Damascus, and the Provence rose were both introduced to France and England. The former has double roses of a rich pink, not very large but intensely fragrant, with green, thorny stems. The Provence roses have several forms, but the two important ones are the cabbage or hundred-leaved rose (*rosa centifolia*) with large full globular blooms of pink, very fragrant; and the true Provence a rather dwarf bush producing clear crimson roses with a sweet perfume. Both Damask and Provence roses may be found today, though usually in collectors' gardens.

Chaucer, who lived shortly after the last Crusade, in the 14th century, mentions these roses when he says:

"Of roses there were grete wone
So faire were never in Rone."

He means, of course, the river Rhone, which flows through Provence.

Meanwhile, the yellow roses of Persia had been taken to Spain by Abd-ar-Rahman, who conquered Andalusia in 755, and who made beautiful gardens in Cordova using this golden rose, together with jasmine, pomegranates and date palms, just because his grandfather had such a garden in Damascus. Sir John Mandeville tells us that Damascus had "fayre gardens and dyverse fruits."

When the Christians were victorious over the infidel Turks at the Battle of Lepanto* in 1571, the inauguration of the first rose festival came as a celebration held yearly thereafter in Spain and some other countries, in commemoration of this significant and decisive victory of the Christian forces.

Just when the Church's custom of giving the Golden Rose, that precious ornament made from the rich metal beautifully designed and executed, came into being is unknown; but Pope Leo IX, speaking of it in 1051, calls it an ancient institution. This rose is presented by the Holy Father after it has been blessed on Laetare Sunday, to an individual of distinction, or a government or city, for outstanding Cath-

olic spirit and loyalty to the Holy See. It was perhaps first thought of in the 8th century.

During the Wars of the Roses in England, in the 15th century, the Yorkists chose the white rose, that old *rosa alba* which Julius Caesar had found rioting all through the land 54 years before the birth of Christ; and the Lancastrians took the red rose brought from Provence by the Crusaders, each as their emblem. For years and years the two factions fought until the whole country ran blood and the people were desperate, and then came the Battle of Tewksbury which gave final victory to Edward of York, and simultaneously was found blooming in the royal gardens a rose bush which was laden with roses—some white, some red, but mostly red and white together in the same petal: a true sign from God, cried the people, that the two factions should henceforth be joined in amity. Whether the story be true or not the parti-colored York and Lancaster rose remains, and one grows today in my own garden as visible proof.

Roses were taken to New Spain, or Mexico, by the Spanish colonists and the Franciscan Fathers who accompanied them. History tells of a ceremony in a church in Mexico City in 1552, at which the seeds of roses from the mother country were scattered on the altar. The padres took rose seeds and cuttings with them as they jour-

*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, May, 1939.

neyed up the coast and built their missions and today, although in some places nothing but a pitiful pile of adobes remains where the Franciscans set the Cross, the roses which they planted at that time still survive, despite the drouth of California summers. They are pink, red and white, but mostly pink, and no doubt were that same *rosa de Castile* which in its turn was descended from the ancient Provence and Damascus roses of the Holy Wars.

To come to modern times, it was the unusual trembling of a bush of wild roses above the River Gave which drew the attention of little Bernadette Soubirous to look closely at it. All Catholics know the history of that day in 1858, and of the beautiful apparition of our Lady, the Immaculate Conception, who bore upon each foot, as Bernadette described, "a golden rose."

Roses were used by the blessed Virgin when she appeared to a poor Indian convert at Guadalupe, near Mexico City, in 1531, bidding him have his bishop build a church in her

honor. The prelate proved unbelieving, and so the miraculous roses were given to the Indian to carry to him, at a time when no roses—if ever their like had been grown on mortal earth—were blooming. Yes, time and again, roses and our Lady are allied, she who cometh forth as the morning riseth, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, as the rainbow giving light in the bright clouds, and as the flower of roses in the days of spring.

Most of us know how Joyce Kilmer in his poem *Roses* "went to gather roses and twine them in a ring" to make a "posy for the King." But when he took his posy "and laid it at His feet," he found his King "had His roses a million times more sweet."

"A red rose is His Sacred Heart, a white rose His face,
And His breath has turned the barren world to a rich flowery place.

He is the Rose of Sharon, His gardener am I,
And I shall drink His fragrance in heaven when I die."



Films

Film producers complain of bad business. Can you wonder? Films are being made to please everybody, and it just can't be done. Why not get back to a relatively sane system whereby it will be possible to spend \$250,000 each on five films which will please somebody, instead of gambling \$1,250,000 on one film which tries to please everybody and as often as not pleases nobody but professional eudemionists?

Campbell Dixon in *Catholic Film News* (June '39).

How Many Catholics?

Figure revision

By S. A. BALDUS

Condensed from *Extension Magazine**

During the past few months we have seen various estimates ranging from 320,000,000 to 360,000,000. We do not know from what sources these estimates were obtained. Considering, however, that the figure given most frequently was 331,500,000, we are inclined to think that the source book was *Whitaker's Almanac* (for 1938) published in London, England. It is interesting to follow the statistics for Roman Catholics throughout the world as reported in sundry issues of *Whitaker's Almanac*, for example the following:

Number of Catholics

1913	240,000,000
1924	324,300,000
1929	331,500,000
1934	331,500,000
1938	331,500,000

A glance at these statistics reveals some glaring discrepancies. Thus, the increase in the number of Catholics from 1913 to 1924 was in excess of 84,000,000; whereas the increase from 1924 to 1929 was only 7,000,000. From 1929 to 1938, a complete standstill. That there is something radically wrong here is immediately and glaringly apparent.

What's the explanation? Simply this:

*360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. May, 1939.

for the past ten years, under the caption "Religious World Statistics," *Whitaker's* has been giving the total Catholic population of the world at the same figure, namely, 331,500,000. But in another section, under the title, "The Roman Catholic Church," *Whitaker's* gives the 1928 estimate of the Catholic Directory of England, which was 334,664,791. In 1936, the English Catholic Directory published a revised estimate, fixing the total number of Catholics in the world at 366,185,084, but *Whitaker's Almanac* continued to adhere to its 10-year-old estimate of 331,500,000. Almanacs published in the U. S. also give this number. The exception is the *Lutheran World Almanac* whose 1938 estimate was 375,000,000.

In July, 1938, there were released in the U. S. religious statistics for the world published in *Stimmen der Zeit*. That conservative and reliable Jesuit monthly reported that there are 400,000,000 Roman Catholics in the world at the present time. This number may be accepted as approximately correct; and we would suggest that all publication offices revise their estimates accordingly. Numbers in themselves are not much but one may as well be accurate.

A Minor Incident

By MARIELI G. BENZIGER

Candle is almost snuffed

Condensed from the *Grail**

Not ten miles away from the frontier of Catholic Liechtenstein and Switzerland convents have been taken over by the Brown-shirts. Beginning with the children of the kindergarten, youth is separated from God. We have seen them fold their hands in customary prayer, but they no longer addressed the God of Love, they prayed to mother earth, to the sun and to the moon, and before meals they pray to the Führer, thanking him for what he has given them and what he has done for the Fatherland.

The Machiavelian propensity of the Führer for secret conferences with heads of nations is almost ludicrous, were it not so tragic. We all remember what happened to Schuschnigg for refusing to sell Austria's freedom, then the appalling storm and there was "Anschluss." Benes had his parley and lost Sudetenland, and then Czechoslovakia. Bela Imredy, the Catholic premier, made his pilgrimage to Berchtesgarden, and his dogged resistance delayed the day of reckoning. Though Nazi agitators forced him to resign, he at least saved Hungary from the chains of slavery.

In March of this year the Prince of Liechtenstein was led to the Third Reich's altar, and was there requested

to sacrifice the liberty of his principality. This little sovereign state was founded in 1719 and covers an area of 61 square miles. Its 11,500 inhabitants are excellent Catholics.

What really happened when the Fürst of Liechtenstein faced Herr Hitler no one knows. Once inside the holy of holies the Swiss minister was not permitted to approach Germany's demigod, and Liechtenstein's prince was closeted in secret conference with Hitler, who let it be known that only one thing would be pleasing to the Nazis, and that was Anschluss. Though the ruler of that tiny country refused to yield, what chance of resistance had so small a land against such herculean power?

Prayer was all that was left. And to prayer the people turned. A year ago their friends and neighbors, the Austrians, had succumbed and Anschluss had been the result. But since the aftermath of the World War Catholicism had been on the wane, and many Austrians who might be Catholic in name, at heart had deserted the Church in search of earthly things. The people of Liechtenstein turned to prayer as the sole medium of salvation. In God they placed their trust, though on every side Nazi propaganda was determined to

**St. Meinrad, Ind. June, 1939.*

bring about Anschluss and exterminate the Catholic Church.

Almost overnight there was *Unruhe* in Liechtenstein. The same symptoms noticeable before the fall of Austria, Czechoslovakia, Memel, Albania now became evident. The Nazi press spoke of *Unruhe* in glaring headlines. *Unruhe* in Liechtenstein meant trouble, and trouble means Nazi interference, for after all the Utopian Third Reich, where there is prosperity, peace, and order, cannot afford to permit unrest anywhere in Europe!

"*Unruhe?*" What sardonic power could have concocted such a lie?

The sequel to the ruler of Liechtenstein's visit to Herr Hitler took place at midnight on Saturday the 25th of March. Throughout the principality on that Saturday street brawls had been started by Nazi agitators. But the natives had quickly quelled the disturbance. Peace was restored, and a great silence settled over the country. A few who knew what would happen waited with breathless anxiety. The church clock ticked off years, not hours.

By midnight there was heard the rumble of many trucks and high powered cars. These came to a stop at the Liechtenstein frontier. The usual customs officials waited. In reality they were grim sentinels, steeled for the worst. Their liberty, their homes, their country were at stake. With the courtesy for which they are renowned they asked for customary passports to be

shown, but were rudely brushed aside by Nazi officials. The lorries carried Nazi troops that had come from Feldkirch; the high powered cars were armored tanks of the German army.

The Bürgermeister of Vaduz, a little town of 1,400 inhabitants, stepped to the front. Quickly, bluntly and forcefully he was informed that the Third Reich has been *notified* that on that day there had been *Unruhe* in Liechtenstein, that the burghers of Vaduz wanted "Anschluss" with Germany. The Bürgermeister of Vaduz replied that there was no disturbance in the town, and that neither his people nor the inhabitants of Liechtenstein wished Anschluss. The Bürgermeister was firm, the Nazi officials insistent. But he could not be intimidated. He and his people were ready to fight.

As he talked, the Nazi officials noticed strange shapes moving in the dark. Against the outline of gigantic mountains they discerned grim shapes which foretold preparedness. Unable to gauge the strength of these defenders, these very men who had bullied other nations into subjection suddenly made a hasty retreat. Without firing a shot they turned around and went back to Feldkirch, muttering that they would be back in the morning.

Liechtenstein has no army. So who were these men massed there under the cover of the night? On Friday, March 24, and all during day and night of the 25th secret orders were sent that

set the Swiss army into action. This time the tocsin was not sounded from village to village. In secrecy lay strength. But in the most distant mountain hamlet, and the largest town, telephones and telegrams were being used to mobilize. The usual nine-hour time limit was not given. Instead were the words: "Report immediately at the Liechtenstein border." The manhood of Switzerland got into their military uniforms, seized gun and rucksack and rushed to join the troops.

Armed to the teeth on that Saturday night they stood grim, silent, waiting, not knowing if, after Liechtenstein, Switzerland would be next, for the fate that sealed the doom of one free country, would probably seal theirs. All during the next few days the Swiss army was reinforced with men from every canton. The Swiss government at Berne had heard that Germany intended by a singular *coup d'etat* to bring about the Anschluss of Liechtenstein. No European power could possibly object to a handful of men restoring order and peace, especially if they had been sent for. Everyone knew how powerless and helpless the small principality was. Three hundred soldiers would startle no one. So in the dead of night on the 25th of March, three hundred Nazi soldiers armed to the teeth and coming from Feldkirch marched on to Vaduz. The natives could be intimidated, the troops would march into the city under the cover

of night, take it over, and within a few days a plebiscite, as in Austria, would prove that Liechtenstein wanted Anschluss.

In Switzerland no one slept. In fearful restlessness they waited for the promised bombs. Bombs would be the warning that the war was on. But nothing happened. The brown-shirts did not return as they had promised.

The courageous attitude of a single-handed *bürgermeister* prevented disaster. The money that had been in the banks of Liechtenstein was quickly shipped to safer quarters. Grimly and courageously the inhabitants of one of the smallest European countries wait, giving an unprecedented example of faith and courage to a terrorized Europe. But strangest of all is the fact that with all of this happening, with the freedom of Switzerland at stake, the Swiss papers did not mention the incident.

The Swiss press hardly mentioned the storming of the palace of Cardinal Innitzer in Vienna. In November, when one out of every five Jews was massacred or thrown into a concentration camp, the Swiss press gave scant notice to so major an event, and now with a free country having its liberty menaced, with the enemy at its very gates what accounts for the silence in the Swiss papers?

The answer is simply that the Swiss press is so rigidly censored that no criticism of Germany may appear in print.

Catholic Books of Current Interest

Carlen, Sister M. Claudia. *A Guide to the Encyclicals of the Roman Pontiffs from Leo XIII to the Present Day*. New York: Wilson. Pp. 247. \$2.00.

A much needed index to the encyclicals in general collections, newspapers and periodicals.

From the *Four Winds*. Cornwall on the Hudson, N. Y.: Idlewild. \$1.00.
Ninety poems permeated with genuine spirituality, carefully selected from *Spirit* magazine, the official organ of the Catholic Poetry Society of America.

Ryan, Mother Imogene, R.S.C.J. *The Mother of God*. New York: Spiritual Book Associates. \$2.25.

An excellent collection of spiritual reading for the principal feasts of our Lady.

Attwater, Donald. *A Dictionary of Saints*. New York: Kenedy. \$2.75.

Although primarily an index to Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, the dictionary is in itself a handy reference work.

Sothorn, Margaret. *Chosen Races*. New York: Sheed. Pp. 377. \$2.50.

From the daily newspaper reports of Germany, Miss Sothorn has woven an unusually forceful story which markedly contrasts the happier days of yesterday with the grim Germany of the Nazis.

Arraras, Joaquin. *Francisco Franco*. Milwaukee: Bruce. Pp. 245. \$2.50.

This new edition, besides including new chapters on the final phases of the war, is further enriched by the addition of several useful maps and many photographs.

Maris Stella, Sister. *Here Only a Dove*. Paterson, N. J.: St. Anthony Guild Press. Pp. 43. \$1.25.

A beautifully bound book of 42 one-page poems written in sonnet form.

Kelley, Francis Clement. *The Bishop Jots It Down*. New York: Harper. Pp. 333. \$3.00.

The Bishop's usual humor and keen analysis of leaders and events are evident in this informal autobiography of the founder of the Catholic Church Extension Society.

Bussard, Paul. *The Sacrifice*. St. Paul, Minn.: The Leaflet Missal. Pp. 210. \$1.00.

Competently written book on the Mass, well within the range of the average Catholic, by the editor of this *Digest* and the *Leaflet Missal*.

Maritain, Jacques. *A Christian Looks at the Jewish Question*. New York: Longmans. Pp. 90. \$1.00.

Noted Thomist explains lucidly why anti-Semitism is a movement in which we Christians can have no part whatever.